

MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 11132976 9

• SONGS •



UNIVERSITY
OF
PENNSYLVANIA

M
1958
P4M5

•B•

•K•


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



Presented to the
EDWARD JOHNSON MUSIC LIBRARY

by

Prof. Richard Johnston



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
University of Toronto

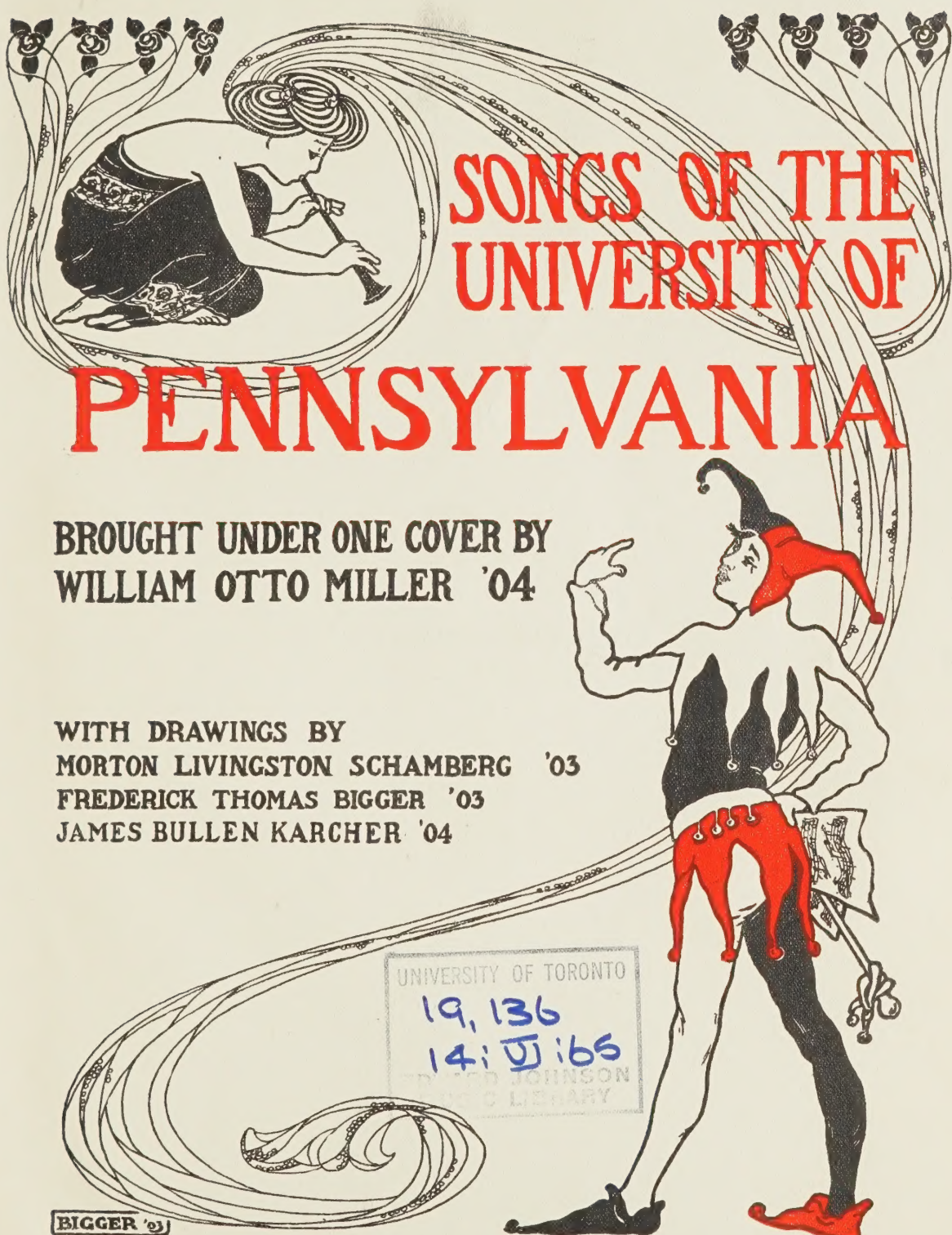
<https://archive.org/details/songsofuniversit00mill>



THE PENNSYLVANIA GIRL

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY HINDS & NOBLE

SEE PAGE 7



SONGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF

PENNSYLVANIA

BROUGHT UNDER ONE COVER BY
WILLIAM OTTO MILLER '04

WITH DRAWINGS BY
MORTON LIVINGSTON SCHAMBERG '03
FREDERICK THOMAS BIGGER '03
JAMES BULLEN KARCHER '04

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

19, 136

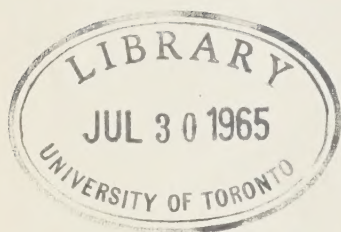
14: U: 165

EDWARD JOHNSON
LIBRARY

BIGGER '03

HINDS & NOBLE - PUBLISHERS - NEW YORK CITY

M
1958
P4M5



996184

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY HINDS & NOBLE

TO
CLAYTON FOTTERALL McMICHAEL, '91
PRESIDENT OF THE
MASK AND WIG CLUBS AND A STAUNCH PENNSYLVANIAN

A WORD to the BOYS

There is nothing that tends to develop college spirit more than songs of the Alma Mater. These should be brought together. They should be put in permanent form. They will help revive the blessed happy days of Youth. They will recall the scenes of yore, when to do and to die for the college of our love was the wish of every loyal son.

The nightly gatherings in the Triangle, the applauding multitude on the bleachers, the wild, cheering enthusiastic groups crowding the river banks, and the hearty and impressive Chapel Services will all be restored to memory by these student songs. May those that appear here quicken the pulse of the lads of the present and future, renew the youth of those of the days gone by and cement more firmly than ever the ties of all Pennsylvania men.

Faithfully

Edward H. Smith

EXPLANATORY NOTE

THE one aim of this book is to be serviceable—to be of practical use to Penn men and the fair friends of Penn men when they gather together to do honor to their Alma Mater. As far back as our information carries us, the earliest known college songs sung at Penn are the three Latin songs, “Gaudeamus,” “Integer Vitæ,” “Lauriger Horatius,” and the two songs “Johnny Crouse” and “The Lone Fish Ball.” It was not until a much later date that the so-called typical song, the song of distinctive Penn sentiment, was sung at the University. The song “With Jemmy on the Sea,” by Francis Hopkinson, 1757, is one of the earliest American musical compositions.

No effort has been made to include only songs written by Penn men, for that would except many songs which by reason of their antiquity and use have been deepened to a true Pennsylvania shade. It is earnestly hoped that these solos, male quartettes, mixed quartettes and choruses will resolve themselves into a mosaic which shall truly picture the life and spirit of old Penn.

WILLIAM OTTO MILLER

THE DORMITORIES,
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
October 1, 1903

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Ah, Pennsylvania	109	Mary Jane	95
Alma Mater	22	Memories	18
Annie Laurie	81	My Bonnie	87
Antrim County Ball (The)	66	My Last Cigar	60
Ben Bolt	56	My Old Kentucky Home	102
Ben Franklin, Esq.	10	Nut Brown Maiden	99
Bowl Fight (The)	32	Old College Chum	108
Bull Dog (The)	93	Our Boys in Red and Blue	16
Capital Ship (A)	50	Our College Cheer	17
College Days	25	Penn, Pennsylvania	4
Commencement Hymn (A)	63	Pennsylvania Girl (The)	7
Crew Song (The)	81	Pennsylvania Stein Song	15
Demonstration (A)	41	Pennsylvania's Foot-Ball Song	28
Drinking Song	34	Peter Gray	75
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes	94	Play Ball	43
Evening Song in the Triangle	110	Pope (The)	52
Field Cry of Penn (The)	36	Quilting Party (The)	58
Fill Up Your Glasses	114	Quintus Horatius Flaccus	77
Forsaken	54	Red and Blue (The)	12
Gaudeamus	82	Rosalie	76
Good-Night	40	Serenade	90
Good-Night, Ladies	108	She Answered Me Nay	33
Hail, Columbia	61	Simon the Cellarer	83
Hail, Pennsylvania	1	Slattery's Mounted Foot	104
Hark! I Hear a Voice	98	Smoker's Anthem	88
Health to Old Penn	14	Soldier's Farewell	3
Here's to Good Old Penn	24	Songs of Penn (The)	6
He Was Nervous	57	Stars of the Summer Night	21
I Arise from Dreams of Thee	59	Students' Toast	116
Integer Vitæ	79	Swanee River	86
Jingle Bells	74	Sweet and Low	35
Johnnie Crouse	53	There's Music in the Air	46
Jolly Boating Weather	42	Three Cheers for the Red and the Blue	20
Jolly Miller (The)	100	Two Roses (The)	65
Juanita	47	University of Pennsylvania Café	48
Last Night	55	University of Pennsylvania Hymn	2
Lauriger Horatius	43	Upidee	64
Levee Song	38	Varsity Yells (The)	116
Lone Fish-Ball (The)	92	We Gather Here	11
Loreley (The)	80	When First I Kissed Sweet Margaret	89
Lullaby Serenade	71	When She is Gone	109
Mamie's Charms	45	With Jemmy on the Sea	44
Mary Had a William Goat	37		

SONGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

HAIL, PENNSYLVANIA.

Words by Edgar M. Dilley, '97.

Music by Alexis Lvoff.

UNISON.

1. Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a! No - ble and strong; To thee with
 2. Ma - jes - ty as a crown Rests on thy brow; Pride, Hon - or,
 3. Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a! Guide of our youth; Lead thou thy

Maestoso.

loy - al hearts, We raise our song. Swell - ing to Heav - en loud,
 Glo - ry, Love, Be - fore thee bow. Ne'er can thy spir - it die,
 chil - dren on To light and truth; Thee, when death sum - mons us,

Our prais - es ring; Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Of thee we sing!
 Thy walls de - cay; Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, For thee we pray!
 Oth - ers shall praise, Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Thro' end - less days!

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA HYMN.

(FOR VOICES IN UNISON WITH ACCOMPANIMENT.)

Words by Thomas Wistar, '63.

Adapted by Edward G. McCollin, '78.

UNISON.

1. Our Fa - ther in Heav - en, Cre - a - tor of all, . . O source of all
2. But vain our in - struc - tion And blind we must be, . . Un - less with our
3. From pride and pre - sump - tion, O! Lord keep us free, . . And make our hearts
4. Our fair Al - ma Ma - ter, O! strength - en her days, . . To send forth for -

wis - dom, On Thee would we call; Thou on - ly canst teach us, And
learn - ing Be knowl - edge of Thee; Then pour forth Thy spir - it, And
hum - ble, And loy - al to Thee; That liv - ing or dy - ing, In
ev - er True sons to her praise; O wid - en her bor - ders, Ex -

show us our need . . And give to Thy chil - dren, And give to Thy
o - pen our eyes . . And fill with the knowl - edge, And fill with the
Thee we may rest, . . And prove to the scorn - ful, And prove to the
tend her fair fame, . . And let all the glo - ry, And let all the

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA HYMN.

chil - dren, And give to Thy chil - dren, True knowl - edge in - deed.
 knowl - edge, And fill with the knowl - edge, That on - ly makes wise.
 scorn - ful, And prove to the scorn - ful, Thy stat - utes are best.
 glo - ry, And let all the glo - ry Re - dound to Thy name.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Andante.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

Music by Johanna Kinkle.

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
 2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
 3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That

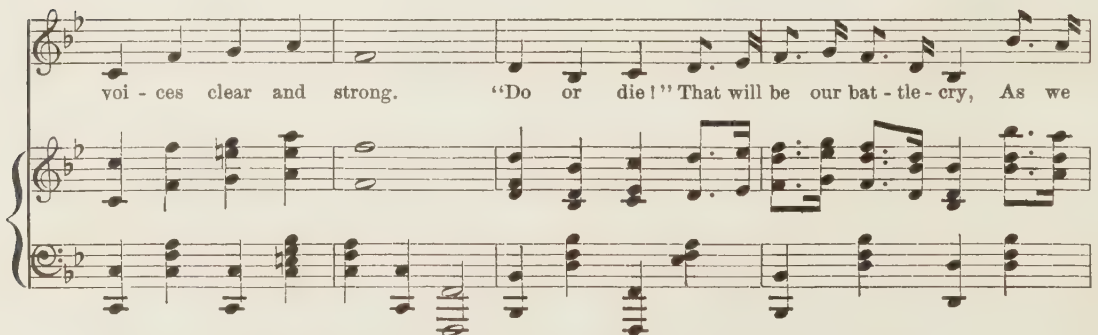
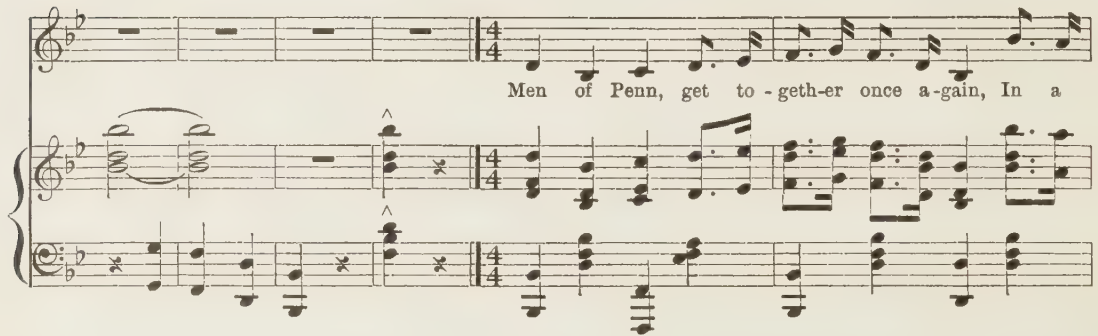
then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
 spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
 with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -

well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

"PENN, PENNSYLVANIA."

Words by Isaac Hampshur Jones, '06.

Music by Jason Noble Pierce.



Music from an Amherst song, used by permission of JASON N. PIERCE, owner of the copyright
Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

"PENN, PENNSYLVANIA."

give our "long Hoo-rah." Then let us shout the cho-rus out For old Penn-syl - va - ni - a.

CHORUS.

Penn, Penn - syl - va - nia, We've naught to fear, . . . Al - ways vic -
* Penn, Penn - syl - va - nia, It's all . . the same, . . . Win - ning or

to - rious, Year af - ter year! . . So, boys, to - geth - er We'll cheer
los - ing We're al - ways game! . . So, boys, to - geth - er We'll cheer

. . for - ev - er Penn, Penn - syl - va - ni - a!
(Shouted) Rah! Rah! Rah!

* In case we lose.

THE SONGS OF PENN.

Words by Arthur Hobson Quinn, '94.

Allegretto.

1. Sing a song of glo - ry, boys, and make it loud and strong,
 2. Through - out all our col - lege life we've sung these songs of Penn,
 3. Ev - 'ry loy - al son of Penn has sung them just the same,

Sing it as we used to sing it while we marched a - long;
 Sung them for her col - ors and her maid - ens and her men;
 Sung them through de - feat and doubt un - til her tri - umph came;

Let the dear and hon - ored name be ev - er in your song Of Penn - syl - va - ni - a.
 We will sing the cho - rus till the ech - oes ring a - gain For Penn - syl - va - ni - a.
 Sung them till the ci - ty streets were ring - ing with the name Of Penn - syl - va - ni - a.

FULL CHORUS.

Penn - syl, Penn - syl, Penn - syl - va - nia, Penn - syl, Penn - syl, Penn - syl - va - nia;

Penn - syl, Penn - syl, Penn - syl - va - nia, Penn - syl - va - ni - a.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GIRL.

Words by E. W. Mumford, '89.

Music by Edward G. McCollin, '78.

Andante.

1. If you've es - say'd to find the maid, More dear than all the
 2. One col - or dyes her laugh - ing eyes, Her lips the oth - er
 3. And so while dear old Penn shall stand A - mong her loy - al

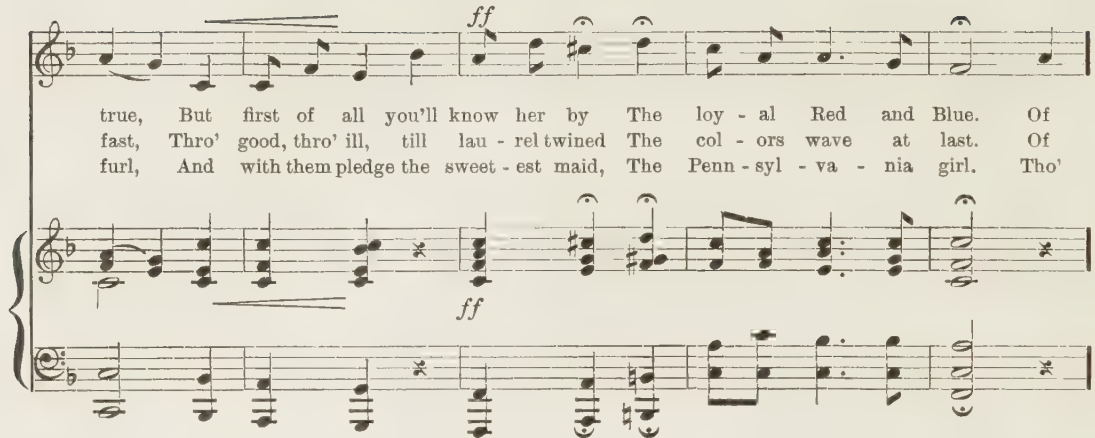
rest, You'll know her by the hom - age paid By all who know her
 know, And just a - bove her heart there lies The dain - ty silk - en
 host, From heart to heart through - out the land, Shall ring this tri - ple

best. You'll tell her by her bon - ny eye, Her heart, so warm and
 bow, To show while there they rest en - shrined, There's one who holds them
 toast. We'll hail the col - lege un - dis - mayed, The fair - est flag un -

Used by permission of EDWARD G. MCCOLLIN, owner of the copyright.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GIRL.

ff



true, But first of all you'll know her by The loy - al Red and Blue. Of
fast, Thro' good, thro' ill, till lau - retwined The col - ors wave at last. Of
furl, And with them pledge the sweet - est maid, The Penn - syl - va - nia girl. Tho'

ff

Tempo di Valse.



all that's best from East to West She is the queen, the pearl, . . The
all that's rare, of all that's fair, She is the queen, the pearl, . . The
some be fair, yet none com - pare To thee, the queen, the pearl, . . For



maid to whom our hearts are true, The Penn - syl - va - nia
maid to whom our hearts are true, The Penn - syl - va - nia
ev - er true our hearts shall be, Dear Penn - syl - va - nia

THE PENNSYLVANIA GIRL.

girl, Of all that's best, from East to West
 girl, Of all that's rare, of all that's fair,
 girl, For ev - er true our hearts shall be,

She is the queen, the pearl, . . . The maid who wears the
 She is the queen, the pearl, . . . The maid who wears the
 To thee, the queen, the pearl, . . . To Al - ma Ma - ter

ff

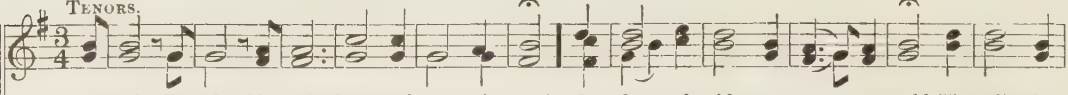
Red and Blue, . The Penn - syl - va - nia girl.
 Red and Blue, . The Penn - syl - va - nia girl.
 and to thee, . Dear Penn - syl - va - nia girl.

BEN FRANKLIN, ESQ.

Words by Charles I. Junkin, '77.

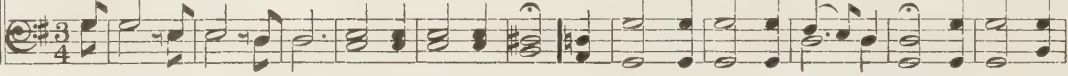
Music by Edward G. McCollin, '78.

TENORS.

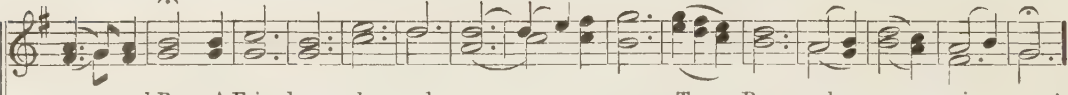


H' - rah ! H' - rah ! H' - rah ! Penn-syl - va - ni - a !

BASSES.



1. In days of old, as we are told, There lived a
2. A read - y blade, he oft - en made, In - gen - ious
3. This an - cient squire did then as - pire A pub - lic
4. And then it grew as a - corns do, To be a
5. And now we raise our song of praise, To good old




man named Ben ; A Friend was he—and so . . . are we—To Penn - syl - va - nia men !

lit - tle toys ; He built a kite, with great . . . de - light, And shocked the lit - tle boys !


school to found ; And with a dash he raised . . . the cash, And bought a lot of ground.

might - y tree ; And Ben - ja - min since then . . . has been Of great ce - leb - ri - tee.

Fa - ther Ben ; A Friend was he—and so . . . are we—To Penn - syl - va - nia men !



1ST TENOR.




Ben Frank - lin was his name, And not un-known to

2ND TENOR.

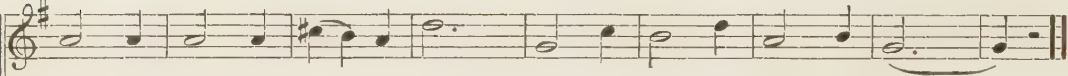
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la

1ST BASS.




2D BASS.

His name was Ben ! Ben ! Ben ! B E N, Ben ! Ben ! Ben ! Ben !



fame, The found - er first was he, Of the U - ni - vers - i - tee ! . . .

la la la la la la la la la la la la la . . .



Ben ! Ben ! Ben ! Ben ! Ben ! Ben ! Ben ! B E N ! Ben !

WE GATHER HERE.

Words by Edward F. Kenney, '87.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.



1. We gath - er here, from year to year, For good old Penn - syl - va - ni - a; Her
2. She's push - ing on, still push - ing on— Our dear old Penn - syl - va - ni - a; Her

1ST AND 2D BASS.



fu - ture bless, her past to cheer, Our good old Penn - syl - va - ni - a! When
prog - ress—one tri - um - phant song For dear old Penn - syl - va - ni - a! The



e'er we see the Red and Blue, Sym - bol - i - cal of all that's true, We'll
pride of ev - 'ry stal - wart son, Who sees her lau - rels fair - ly won, Her



then our loy - al - ty re - new, For good old Penn - syl - va - ni - a!
march of vic - to - ry be - gun— For dear old Penn - syl - va - ni - a!



THE RED AND BLUE.

Words by Harry E. Westervelt, '98.

Music by W. J. Goeckel, '96.

Sva......

mf

mf

Sva......

1. Come, all ye loy - al class - men now, In
2. One col - or's in the blush - ing rose, The
3. How oft - en when on fields of sport, We've
4. And then up - on the breast of her Whose
5. And now thro' all the years to come, In

hall and cam - pus through, Lift up your hearts and voi - ces for The roy - al Red and
oth - er tints the clouds, And when to - geth - er both dis - close, We're hap - py as the
seen our boys go through, The ver - y air was rent in twain With cheers for Red and
heart beats warm and true, It is the dear - est sight of all To see our Red and
midst of toil and care, We'll get new in - spi - ra - tion from The col - ors wav - ing

Blue. Fair Har - vard has her crim - son, Old Yale her col - ors
gods. We ask no oth - er em - blem, No oth - er sign to
Blue. We knew that vic - t'ry then was ours, All else we might es -
Blue. She wears them with a smile so bright, It wakes our hearts a -
there. And when to all our col - lege life We've said our last a -

Used by permission of W. H. BOKER & Co., owners of the copyright.

THE RED AND BLUE.

rit.

too, But for dear Penn - syl - va - ni - a, We wear the Red and Blue.
 view, We on - ly ask to see and cheer Our col - ors Red and Blue.
 chew, If on - ly we could wave and sing Our col - ors Red and Blue.
 new, To swear e - ter - nal loy - al - ty, To dear old Red and Blue.
 dieu, We'll nev - er say a - dieu to thee, Our col - ors Red and Blue.

rit.

ff CHORUS. UNISON.

Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Hur - rah for the Red and the Blue; Hur -

rit. *a tempo.*

rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah for the Red and Blue.

rit. *a tempo.*

Without accompaniment.

1ST TENOR.

2D TENOR. (MELODY.)

Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Hur - rah for the Red and the Blue;

1ST BASS.

2D BASS.


. . . Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah for the Red and Blue.

HEALTH TO OLD PENN.

Words by W. L. Saunders, '76.



Allegro.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.





1. While from yon - der sky e - ter - nal Light, the cheer - ful light of morn,
 2. Here with - in these walls held dear - ly, 'Neath yon old fa - mil - iar bell,
 3. By that moon in si - lence shin - ing, O'er those spires of an - cient mould,
 4. Firm - ly by these state - ly por - tals, Firm - ly 'neath these rev - 'rend walls,



1ST AND 2D BASS.


Breaks up - on an eve of sor - row With its day of hope - ful dawn,
 Here where first the flame of learn - ing Flick - ered faint - ly, flick - ered well,
 By that beam of sil - ver lin - ing, By those shad - ows dark and cold,
 Firm - ly by these walks and wind - ings, By these old and sa - cred halls,

With its day of hope - ful dawn: While in all its noon - day splen - dor
 Flick - ered faint - ly, flick - ered well, Here with ma - ny a bond of friend - ship,
 By those shad - ows dark and cold, By that heaven which bends a - bove us,
 By these old and sa - cred halls, Yea, Old Penn, thy sons a - dore thee,

Shines the sun, the king of day, While up - on this land of sor - row
 Here with ma - ny a new found tie, Joined and weld - ed now so close - ly,
 By the powers at our com - mand, By our souls, our sa - cred hon - or,
 Love thee more than song can tell, As yon star guards si - lent o'er thee,



HEALTH TO OLD PENN.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

Night spreads dark - ly o'er our way. A mer - ry throng, We'll raise the song,
Born to live, with time to die.
Sons of Penn we'll firm - ly stand.
Ey'n so watch we long and well.

Sing - ing loud - ly, sing - ing long, Health to old Penn, health to her

men, Health to the ech - o that an - swers A - men.

*PENNSYLVANIA STEIN SONG.

Words by Horace G. Wetherill, '78.

1 Loyal sons of Pennsylvania,
From East and West draw near,
And sing of Alma Mater
Through cloudy days and clear.
For it's always fair weather
When Penn. men get together;
With a stein on the table,
And a good song ringing clear.

2 To tradition, song, and story,
And history most dear,
Achievement and new glory
Are added year by year.
For it's always fair weather
When Penn. men get together;
With a stein on the table,
And a good song ringing clear.

3 May Pennsylvania ever
Straight on to victory steer;
And helmsmen good and clever
Keep her without a peer.
For it's always fair weather
When Penn. men pull together;
With the shade of Ben Franklin
And the Red and Blue to cheer.

4 Now greet old Pennsylvania
With a rousing hearty cheer,
And drink her health and honor
In a bumper stein of beer.
For it's birds of a feather
When Penn. men get together;
With a stein on the table,
And a good song ringing clear.

*Sung to melody of "A Stein Song," by Frederic Field Bullard.

OUR BOYS IN RED AND BLUE.

Is it strange when the boys start play - ing, That our

mf *f*

eyes fill up with tears, As they run, and smash, and

tum - ble, . . . And the stands ring out with cheers? . . . For it's

then that our heart re - joi - ces . . . In a loy - al - ty so

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in the same key and time. The score is divided into four systems, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The piano part features various musical notations including chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings like *mf* and *f*. The lyrics are: 'Is it strange when the boys start play - ing, That our eyes fill up with tears, As they run, and smash, and tumble, . . . And the stands ring out with cheers? . . . For it's then that our heart re - joi - ces . . . In a loy - al - ty so'.

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.
Melody used by permission of HOWLEY, HAVILAND & DRESSER, owners of the copyright.

OUR BOYS IN RED AND BLUE.

true, That we love them, win or los - ing, When they're

boys in Red and Blue, Is it Blue.

The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, and features a melody that is repeated with variations. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 2/4 time, and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The score is divided into two systems, each with a first and second ending.

"OUR COLLEGE CHEER."

TENORS.
Our col - lege cheer, Rah! rah! rah! rah! How we love our col - lege

BASSES.
Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

cheer: . . . Our col - lege cheer, Rah! rah! rah! rah! Yes, we love our col - lege cheer. (Give the college cheer.)

The score is for a tenor and bass duet. It is in G major, 4/4 time. The tenor part has a melody that is repeated with variations. The bass part has a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The score is divided into two systems, each with a first and second ending.

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

MEMORIES.

Words by P. C. Stuart, '97.

Music by W. J. Goeckel, '96.

Andante.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a gentle melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

p

1. When peace - ful twi - light draw - eth near, When toil and
2. When Au - tumn brings her with - ered leaves, And mea - dows

molto rit.

The vocal entry begins with a piano accompaniment of chords. The melody enters on the first line. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady, flowing pattern. The tempo is marked 'molto rit.' (molto ritardando).

care are o'er, . . . And hearts re - vert in hap - py dreams to good old days of
brown and sear, . . . A sum - mer sun will some - times shine to cheer the dy - ing

The vocal melody continues with a piano accompaniment of chords. The piano accompaniment features a steady, flowing pattern. The tempo is marked 'molto rit.' (molto ritardando).

yore, . . . We drink of mem - 'ry's sweet - est cup and drink it oft a -
year; . . . So in the fall of life will come, when we are gray - haired

The vocal melody continues with a piano accompaniment of chords. The piano accompaniment features a steady, flowing pattern. The tempo is marked 'molto rit.' (molto ritardando).

By permission of W. H. BONER & Co.

MEMORIES.

rit. *ritard.*

gain . . . When dream-ing of our col - lege days The days at dear old Penn.
men . . . A joy in dream-ing of the days, Our days at dear old Penn.

REFRAIN. *Tempo di Waltz.*

Dear old Penn, . . . dear old Penn, . . . how sweet - ly come to our ears . . . Dear old

fs *a tempo.*

Penn, . . . dear old Penn, . . . the songs of old col - lege years, Dear old Penn, . . . dear old

rit. *ff* *f* *con espressione.*

Penn, . . . Thy name we'll ev-er re-vere, . . . In lov-ing re-mem-brance we hold thee dear.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED AND THE BLUE.

Words by Frederick B. Neilson, '90.

Solo.

Penn-syl - va - nia, the gem of cre - a - tion, . . The strong and the brave and the

Maestoso.

This system contains the first two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the second staff is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are 'Penn-syl - va - nia, the gem of cre - a - tion, . . The strong and the brave and the'.

true: No won - der, in proud ad - mi - ra - tion, . . . De - vot - ed - ly our hearts beat for

This system contains the next two staves of music. The lyrics are 'true: No won - der, in proud ad - mi - ra - tion, . . . De - vot - ed - ly our hearts beat for'.

you. 'Tis well that all foes should trem - ble, When

This system contains the next two staves of music. The lyrics are 'you. 'Tis well that all foes should trem - ble, When'.

met, Penn-syl - va - nia dear, by you! Should the pen-nants of all the earth as -

This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The lyrics are 'met, Penn-syl - va - nia dear, by you! Should the pen-nants of all the earth as -'.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED AND THE BLUE.

sem - ble, Far a - peak would be fly - ing red and blue.

This system contains the first vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS.

TENORS.

Three cheers for the red and the blue, Three cheers for the red and the blue, Grand old

The Tenors' part is written on a single treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

BASSES.

Three cheers for the red and the blue, Three cheers for the red and the blue, Grand old

The Basses' part is written on a single bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Penn - syl - va - ni - a for - ev - er! Three cheers for the red and the blue.

This system contains the continuation of the vocal lines and the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.

TENORS.

Dolce. p

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

The Tenors' part is written on a single treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

BASSES.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

The Basses' part is written on a single bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

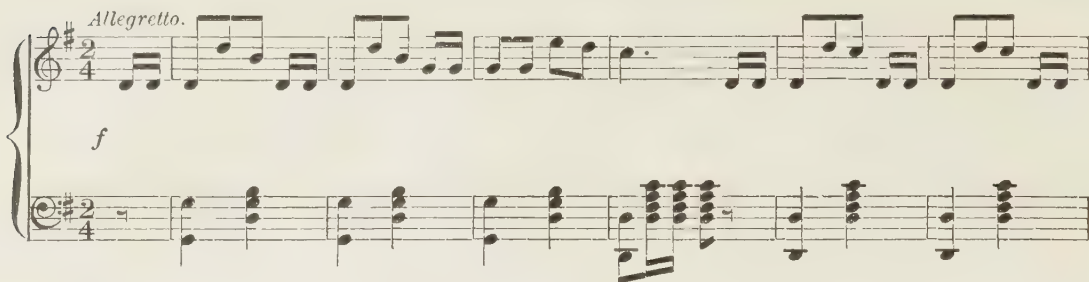
This system contains the final vocal lines and the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The piece concludes with a *rall. p* (rallentando piano) marking.

ALMA MATER.


Words by Isaac Hampshur Jones, '06.

Music by L. V. H. Crosby.


Allegretto.



f



1. Old Al - ma Ma - ter, great and grand, Re-nown'd from sea to
2. Dear Penn, tho' spa - cious be thy halls, And wide thy cam - pus



sea, Wher - e'er thy loy - al sons shall stand, They'll e'er be true to thee. The
spread, And tho' thy ad - a - man - tine walls Tall, tow - er o - ver - head, Yet



Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

ALMA MATER.

sight of thy ma - jes - tic halls, With i - vy o - ver - grown, The
all too nar - row are thy bounds Our feal - ty to con - tain, For

fond - est mem - o - ry re - calls, That we have ev - er known.
hark! the ver - y sky re - sounds And ech - oes our re - frain.

CHORUS. TENORS.

Old Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Dear Penn - syl - va - ni - a, We'll

BASSES.

ritard.
e'er be true To Red and Blue Of Penn - syl - va - ni - a. . . .
ritard.

HERE'S TO GOOD OLD PENN.

TENORS. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)

Here's to good old Penn., drink it down, drink it down; Here's to good old Penn., drink it

BASSES.

down, drink it down; Here's to good old Penn., for she is our moth - er hen, Drink it

FINE.

down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,

Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm of Gil - e - ad, Way down on the Bin - go farm. We

won't go there an - y more, We won't go there an - y more, we won't go there an - y more, Way down on the

D.C.

Bin-go farm. Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Way down on the Bingo farm.

COLLEGE DAYS.

Words by Charles I. Junkin, '77.

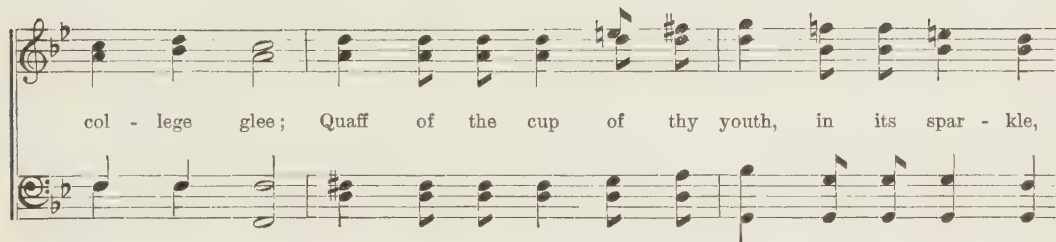
Music by Hugh A. Clarke, Mus. Doc.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.



1. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly swell the cho - rus, Cheer - i - ly raise the

1ST AND 2D BASS.



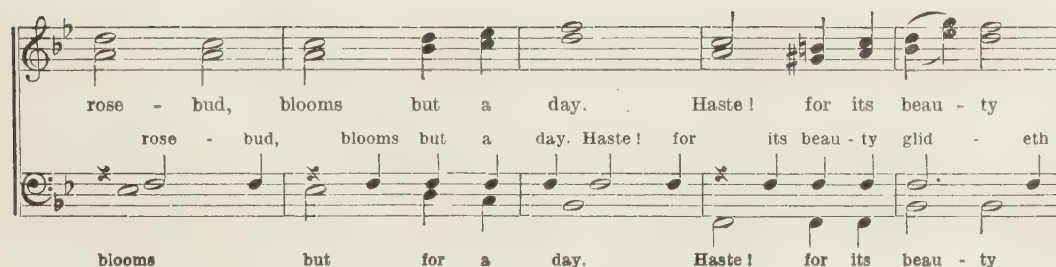
col - lege glee; Quaff of the cup of thy youth, in its spar - kle,



Flow - ing like wine in its plen - ty for thee, Youth, like a

Youth, like a

Youth



rose - bud, blooms but a day. Haste! for its beau - ty

rose - bud, blooms but a day. Haste! for its beau - ty glid - eth

blooms but for a day. Haste! for its beau - ty

COLLEGE DAYS.

a - way,

glid - eth a - way, Youth, like a rose - bud, blooms but a

glid - eth a - way, Youth, like a rose - bud, blooms but a

Haste! *pp* *tempo.*

day, Haste! for its beau - ty glid - eth a - way.

day, Haste! for its beau - ty glid - eth a - way.

f

2. Sing of thy broth - er - hood, strong and ten - der ;

3. What, though the sky be not al - ways glow - ing!

2. Sing of thy broth - er - hood, strong and ten - der ;

3. What, though the sky be not al - ways glow - ing!

Sing of thy loves in a gen - tler strain ; Sing of the days . . re -

What, though the storm - clouds in - ter - vene ! Youth has an eye that can

Sing of thy loves in a gen - tler strain ; Sing of the days . . re -

What, though the storm - clouds in - ter - vene ! Youth has an eye that can

plete with pleas - ure ; Sing! for the mor - row may bring thee pain.

pierce the dark - ness Catch - ing a glimpse of its cur - tained sheen.

plete with pleas - ure ; Sing! for the mor - row may bring thee pain.

pierce the dark - ness Catch - ing a glimpse of its cur - tained sheen.

COLLEGE DAYS.

YOUTH IS A MAY-DAY, CARE-LESS AND BRIGHT,
 CARE, AS A SHADOW, FALLS ON THE HEART;
 YOUTH IS A MAY-DAY, CARE-LESS AND BRIGHT, HASTE! HERE
 CARE, AS A SHADOW, FALLS ON THE HEART, YOUTH, AS

YOUTH CARE, CARE-LESS ON AND BRIGHT,
 CARE, FALLS ON THE HEART;

HASTE! HERE THE SHADOWS HER-ALD THE
 YOUTH, AS A SUN-BEAM, BIDS... IT DE-
 THE SHADOWS HER-ALD, HER-ALD THE
 A SUN-BEAM, BIDS IT, BIDS IT DE-

HASTE! HERE THE SHADOWS HER-ALD THE
 YOUTH, AS A SUN-BEAM, BIDS IT DE-

night, care falls - less on and
 part, falls on the

night, Youth, as a May-day, care-less and
 part, Care, as a shadow, falls on the

night, Youth as a May-day, care-less on and
 part, Care, as a shadow, falls . . . on the

bright, Haste! . . . tempo.
 heart; Youth, . . .

bright, . . . Haste! ere the shadows her-ald the night.
 heart; . . . Youth, as a sun-beam, bids . . . it de-part.

rall. molto. rall. molto.

PENNSYLVANIA'S FOOTBALL SONG.

Words by Thomas B. Donaldson, '99.

Music by Charles Gilpin, 3d, '99.

Allegretto moderato. SOLO.

1. A
2. The

ff *fz*

CHORUS.

west wind whirls a - cross the field; The grand-stands glow with red and blue, With
sec - ond half! By six we lead, But now the foe swarm on the field! Up -

p *f*

SOLO.

red and blue, Hur - rah! The game is ours for vict - 'ry's sealed The
on the field the foe! Their not - ed rush - ers show their speed And

fz

Used by permission of CHARLES GILPIN 3d, owner of the copyright.

PENNSYLVANIA'S FOOTBALL SONG.

CHORUS.

cap - tains toss, The coin falls "head" it's true! . . We win, it's true, Hur -
smash our line! We stag - ger, fal - ter, yield! . . We'll nev - er yield! No!

The musical score for the chorus is written for voice, piano, and bass. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include a forte (f) marking.

SOLO.

rah! There's not a sound as the teams walk round for a kick - off take their
No! Their full - back starts, toward the side line darts, his in - ter - fer - ers

The solo section continues with a voice melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *fz* (forzando) and *p* (piano). The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

pla - ces. The whis - tle blows, the pig - skin goes, the whole team down field
tak - ing Our backs and ends, he swerves and bends; a touch - down, sure, he's

This section contains the second verse of the song. The musical notation follows the same instrumental pattern as the previous sections, with a consistent piano accompaniment and a vocal melody line.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

ra - ces! Tac - kle low, low, low! . . See! in his track falls their
mak - ing! Tac - kle low, low, low! . . "He's scored" they yell but the

The final section of the page includes a chorus and a solo. The chorus has a simple, repetitive melody. The solo section features a more complex melody with dynamic markings like *fz* and *f*. The piano accompaniment remains consistent throughout.

PENNSYLVANIA'S FOOTBALL SONG.

right half - back, our . . end rush to him cling - ing ! A
 pace will tell, our . . team is play - ing stron - ger ! Boys,

fum - bled ball we get it ! Call the sig - nal, guards back
 hard and fast, their men can't last ! We'll win— two min - utes

CHORUS. Solo.

bring - ing. Hur - rah ! for the Red and the Blue ! We
 lon - ger ! Hur - rah ! for the Red and the Blue ! We

dash, we crash, at their tac - kle we smash ! Then a half - back round the
 smash, we dash, thro' their line . . we crash ! Then a back 'twixt tackle and

PENNSYLVANIA'S FOOTBALL SONG.

CHORUS. SOLO.

end! Rah! A quick fake kick for a nine yard trick, Then full back at cen-tre we
guard! Rah! A cen - tre mass then a dou - ble pass; We lose, for our man's thrown

CHORUS. SOLO.

send! Rah! Line men go low, see the white lines show for a
hard! Rah! We hold the ball 'till the ref - ree's call . . . "ten

CHORUS. SOLO.

touch down ten yards more. Rah! Guards back at - tack throws the
sec - onds play!" Go in! Rah! Our left half bores through their

CHORUS.

whole team back! It's a score, score! score! . . . We score! .
line and scores and we win, win! win! . . .

THE BOWL FIGHT.

Words by W. L. Rowland, '78.

Music by Zöllner.

1st TENOR.

Andante.

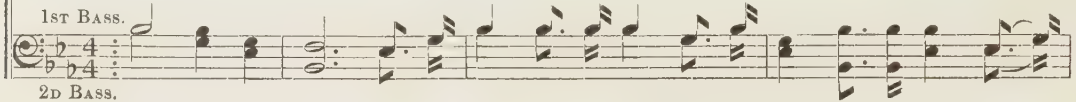
vivace.



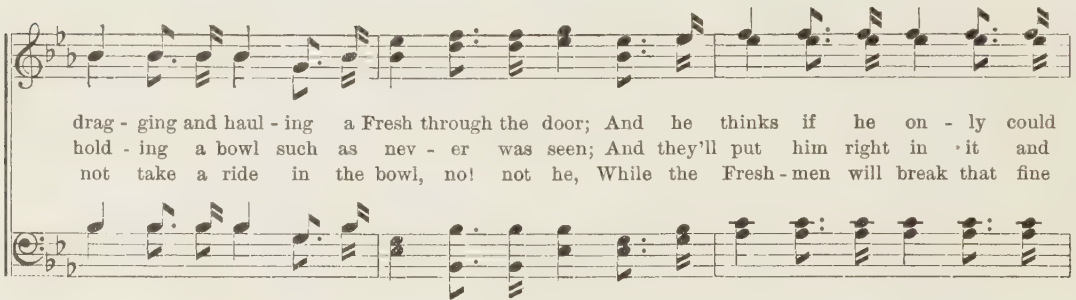
2d TENOR.

1. What's this we see! Gal-lant Fresh-ies and Sophs mad-ly thirst-ing for gore, Are . .
 2. What will they do? Why, they'll pull him a-long 't'ward the crowd on the green That are
 3. Per-haps they can't! No! he's skip-ping a-long Dar-by Road like a flea, And he'll

1st BASS.



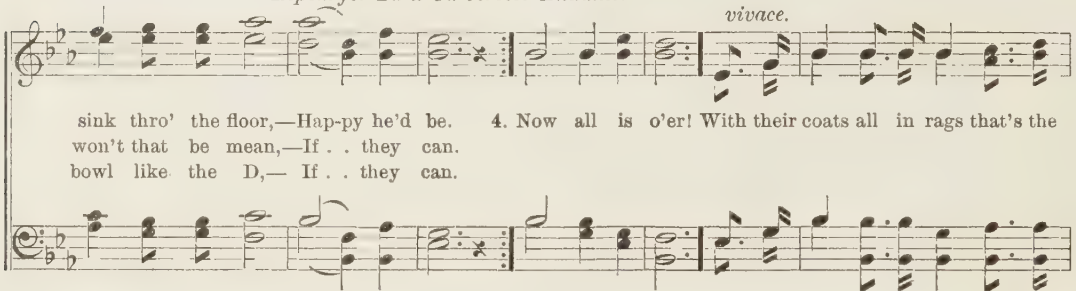
2d BASS.



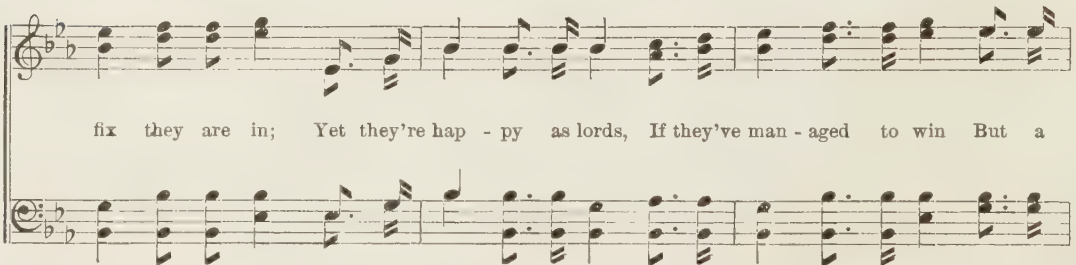
drag-ging and haul-ing a Fresh through the door; And he thinks if he on-ly could
 hold-ing a bowl such as nev-er was seen; And they'll put him right in 'it and
 not take a ride in the bowl, no! not he, While the Fresh-men will break that fine

Repeat for 2d & 3d verses. *Andante.*

vivace.

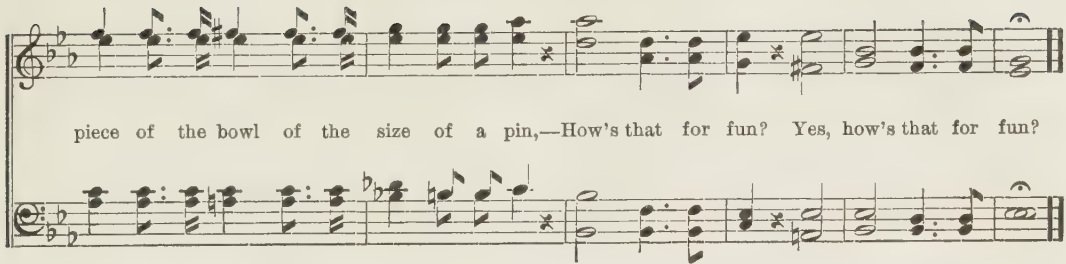


sink thro' the floor,—Hap-py he'd be. 4. Now all is o'er! With their coats all in rags that's the
 won't that be mean,—If . . they can.
 bowl like the D,— If . . they can.



fix they are in; Yet they're hap-py as lords, If they've man-aged to win But a

THE BOWL FIGHT.

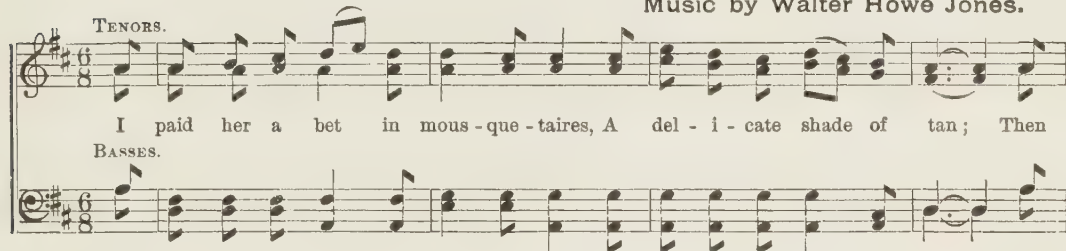


piece of the bowl of the size of a pin,—How's that for fun? Yes, how's that for fun?

SHE ANSWERED ME NAY.


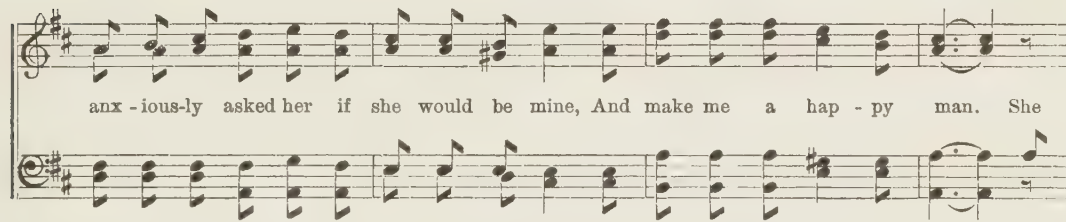
Music by Walter Howe Jones.

TENORS.



I paid her a bet in mous-que-taires, A del-i-cate shade of tan; Then

BASSES.

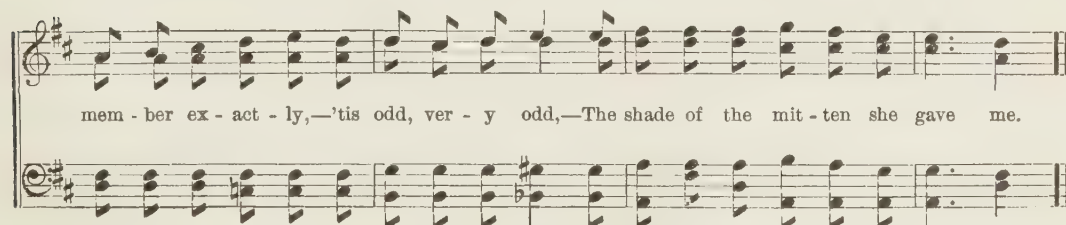



anx-ious-ly asked her if she would be mine, And make me a hap-py man. She

slower. *rit.* *a tempo.*



answered me nay. A-las! poor me. But tru-ly I can-not, to save me Re-



mem-ber ex-act-ly,—'tis odd, ver-y odd,—The shade of the mit-ten she gave me.

Copyright, 1902, by HINDS & NOBLE.

DRINKING SONG.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Thomas.

TENORS.

1. My com - rades, when I'm no more drink - ing, But sick with gout or pal - sy
2. And when me to my grave you're bring - ing, Then fol - low aft - er, man by

BASSES.

lie, Ex - haust - ed on my sick-bed sink - ing, Be - lieve me, then my end is
man; Let no sad fun - 'ral bells be ring - ing, But tink - ling glass - es be your

nigh. But die I this day or to - mor - row, My tes - ta - ment's al - read - y
plan. And on my tomb - stone be in - scrib - ed, "This man was born, lived, drank, and

made; My bur - ial from your hands I'll bor - row, But with - out splen - dor or pa - rade.
died; And now he lies here who im - bib - ed In all life's joy the pur - ple - tide."

3 Should any ask you why I quitted,
So soon have handed in my checks;
Just tell them simply that I flitted,—
Their honest souls I would not vex!
Of course you know the real reason,—
A rule or two I had defied!
If my demise is out of season,
Just tell 'em—well—I—up and died!

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

pp

sf *p* *mf* O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Fa - - ther will

sf *p* *mf* O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west,

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,

p *rall e dim.* *pp*

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

p *rall e dim.* *pp*

THE FIELD CRY OF PENN.

Allegretto.

Hang Jeff . . Da - vis on a sour . . ap - ple tree,

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in G major (one flat) and common time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'.

Down . . went Mc - Gin - ty to the bot - tom of the sea,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

(spoken)
She's my An-nie and I'm her Joe, Lis-ten to my tale of —Whoa! Any ice today, lady? No. Get up.

The third system includes a spoken section. The melody and accompaniment are shown for the spoken part.

FULL CHORUS.

Penn - syl, Penn - syl, Penn - syl - va - nia, Penn - syl, Penn - syl, Penn - syl - va - nia ;

The fourth system is the beginning of the full chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major (one flat) and common time.

Penn - syl, Penn - syl, Penn - syl - va - nia, Oh! Penn - syl - va - ni - a.

The fifth system continues the chorus melody and accompaniment.

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

MARY HAD A WILLIAM GOAT.

1. Ma - ry had a Wil - liam goat, Wil - liam goat, Wil - liam goat ;
 REF. Whoomp de doo - dle doo - dle do, doo - dle do, doo - dle do ;
 2. He fol - lowed her to school one day, school one day, school one day ; He
 REF. Whoomp de doo - dle doo - dle do, doo - dle do, doo - dle do ; He
 3. He dined on nails and cir - cus bills, cir - cus bills, cir - cus bills ; He
 REF. Whoomp de doo - dle doo - dle do, doo - dle do, doo - dle do ;

- Ma - ry had a Wil - liam goat, its stom - ach was lined with zinc.
 Whoomp de doo - dle doo - dle do, its stom - ach was lined with zinc.
 fol - lowed her to school one day, and drank a pint of ink.
 Whoomp de doo - dle doo - dle do, and drank a pint of ink.
 dined on nails and cir - cus bills, and rel - ished old hoop skirts.
 Whoomp de doo - dle, doo - dle do, and rel - ished old hoop skirts.
- 4 One day he ate an oyster can, oyster can, oyster can ;
 One day he ate an oyster can, and a clothes-line full of shirts.
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do ;
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, and a clothes-line full of shirts.
 - 5 The shirts can do no harm inside, harm inside, harm inside ;
 The shirts can do no harm inside, but : the : oyster : can.
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do ;
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, but the oyster can.
 - 6 The can was filled with dynamite, dynamite, dynamite ;
 The can was filled with dynamite, which Billy thought was cheese.
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do ;
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, which Billy thought was cheese.
 - 7 He rubbed against poor Mary's side, Mary's side, Mary's side ;
 He rubbed against poor Mary's side, for the pain to ease.
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do ;
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, for the pain to ease.
 - 8 A sudden flash of girl and goat, girl and goat, girl and goat ;
 A sudden flash of girl and goat, and they no more were seen.
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do ;
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, and they no more were seen.
 (To be sung slow.)
 - 9 Mary's : soul : to : heaven went, heaven went, heaven went ;
 Mary's soul to heaven went, and Billy's went to —
 (To be sung fast.)
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do ;
 Whoomp de doodle doodle do, and Billy's went to heaven too.

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

LEVEE SONG.

Arranged.

SOPRANO AND ALTO. QUARTET.

TENOR AND BASS. SOLO.

I'm wuk-kin'on de le-vee;

1. I once did know a girl named Grace— She done brung me to dis

QUARTET. CHORUS.

O' wuk-kin'on de le-vee. I been wuk-kin' on de rail - road

sad dis-grace

All de live-long day; I been wuk-kin'on de rail - road Ter pass de time a - way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whis - tle blow - in? Rise up so uh - ly in de mawn.

FINE.

Doan' yuh hyah de cap - 'n shout - in', "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

LEVEE SONG.

Solo.

2. Sing a song o' the cit - y; . . Roll dat cot - ton bale; . .

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

p HUMMING CHORUS.

TENOR AND BASS.

Nig - gah ain' haif so hap - py . . . As when he's out o' jail.

Nor - folk foh it's oy - stah - shells, Bos - ton foh it's beans; . .

D.S. Chorus.

Cha'les - ton foh it's rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs— New - Aw - leans.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Words by Harry C. Westervelt, '98.

Music by R. L. DePearsall.

Edited and adapted by William Stansfield, Mus. B., 1902.

Moderato. (♩ = 112.)

f 1. And now, a - las! 'tis time to part, Good - night to all, good - night; May
mf 2. To Penn - syl - va - nia's friends so true, We say good - night, good - night; To

joy and peace dwell in each heart, Good - night to all, good - night. For
 all who love the Red and Blue We say good - night, good - night. May

cres. 1
 we must go ere day doth break And morn - ing come with glad - some light, And
 glad - ness all your mo - ments fill As on through life you (*Omit.*)

cres. *rall.*
 so we say to all, good - night, We say to all, good - night.

2 *cres.*
 go, And may sweet mem - 'ries lin - ger still, When we have said good -

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

GOOD-NIGHT.

ff

night, And may sweet mem - 'ries lin - ger still, When we have said good -

ff

good - night,

pp *f* *pp*

night. Good - night, good - night, good - night, good - night.

f *pp*

good - night, good - night,

A DEMONSTRATION.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.

TENORS.

"A" is the maid of win - ning charm, "B" is the snug en - cir - cling arm ;

BASSES.

How man - y times is "A" in "B"? He ques - tioned cal - cu - la - tive - ly. She

flushed and said, with air se - date, "It's not quite clear ; please dem - on - strate."

Copyright, 1901, by WALTER HOWE JONES.

JOLLY BOATING WEATHER.

Words by Arthur Thomas.

Arranged.

QUARTET.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

mf

1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath - er, . Jol - ly sweet har - vest breeze,—

TENOR AND BASS.

Oars dip and "feath - er,"— cool 'neath the trees. .

CHORUS.

f Swing, swing to - geth - er,— With your bod - y be - tween your knees,—

f

Swing, swing to - geth - er,— With your bod - y be - tween your knees. .

2 Others will take our places,
'Rahing our dear old yell;
Others will row the races,
Ring the old college bell.
Yet ever will beam in our faces
Our pride in the old-time crew;
'Rah for our hard-won races,
One more for the dear old crew!

3 Flitting by the rushes,
Tangled in snaky weeds,
Brushed by elder bushes,
Swerved by brake and reeds.
Will tears fill our eyes in the future
When we think of the dear old stream?
Will our hearts beat as light in the future
When afloat on life's broader stream?

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

♩ TENORS.

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum, Fu - git Eu - ro
 2. Cres - cit u - va mol - li - ter, Et pu - el - la cres - cit, Sed po - e - ta
 3. Quid ju - vat æ - ter - ni - tas No - mi - nis; a - ma - re Ni - si ter - ræ

♩ BASSES.

cres. *f* **CHORUS.**

ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum. U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la,
 tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca - nes - cit.
 fi - li - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!

cres. *f*

dim. *pp*

Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - læ.

dim. *pp*

PLAY BALL!

Sung on Franklin Field whenever delay in a game occurs.

Play ball, . . play ball, . play ball, Play ball, . play ball, . . play ball,

Play ball, . play ball, . play ball, . play ball, . . Play ball, play ball, . play ball.

WITH JEMMY ON THE SEA.

One of a collection of eight songs written by Francis Hopkinson, class of 1757, and published by T. Dobson, Philadelphia, 1788.

Words and music by Francis Hopkinson, 1757.

Slow.

My love is gone to

sea Whilst I his ab-sence mourn, No joy shall smile on me . . Un-til my love re-

turn. . . He ask'd me for his bride, And man - y vows he swore, I

blush'd and soon com - plied, . . I blush'd and soon com - plied, . . My heart was his be -

WITH JEMMY ON THE SEA.

fore, . . My heart was his, My heart was his be - fore.

D.S.

2 One little month was past
And who so blest as we ;
The summons came at last
And Jemmy must to sea.
I saw his ship so gay
Swift fly the wave-worn shore,
I wiped my tears away —
And saw his ship no more.

3 When clouds shut in the sky
And storms around me howl,
When livid lightnings fly,
And threatening thunders roll,
All hopes of rest are lost,
No slumbers visit me ;
My anxious thoughts are toss'd
With Jemmy on the sea.

2D VERSE.

no more, no more, and, etc

3D VERSE.

my thoughts are tossed with

MAMIE'S CHARMS.

Words by R. O. Everhart.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.

TENORS.

1. When Mamie's glove her hand so tight-ly squeez-es, I would that I might be a pair of thes-es;
2. When Mamie's paints make red her cheeks like roses, Would I could cause so sweet a blush as thos-es;

BASSES.

When Mamie's pow-der - puff her cheek-let kiss - es, Oh, how I wish my lot might be like this-es.
Of all the lot, these glove, those paint, this kiss - es, I think I'd much pre - fer to be the this-es.

Copyright, 1901, by WALTER HOWE JONES.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

p SOLO.

1. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
 2. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the noontide's sul - try beam Re -
 3. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is

faint its blush is seen . . . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
 flects a gold - en light . . . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
 lost on eve - ning's breast, . . . As the pen - sive beau - ties die.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah! Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah!

Man - ya harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found,
 When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
 Then, O then the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song,

TENOR AND BASS.

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah! With a Ti - ger Siss, Boom! Ah!

While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air,
 Sweet - ly to the spi - rit there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
 An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

JUANITA.

Andante.

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.



1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moonslike these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam ing

mf TENOR AND BASS.



Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,



Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!



Ask thy soul - if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fairbride!



By permission.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CAFÉ.

Words by Mary Hibbs Geisler, '02.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a melody in the right hand, marked *mf*, and a bass line in the left hand. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a crescendo leading to a *f* (forte) section. This is followed by a *rit.* (ritardando) section, then a *ffz* (fortissimo) section, and finally a *p* (piano) section. The piece concludes with a *pp* (pianissimo) section.

SOLO.

The vocal solo is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a melody in the right hand, marked *p* (piano), and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked *sostenuto* (sustained). The lyrics are:

1. In the old hash-house at col - lege, look - ing sad - ly from the plate, There's a
 2. Take me back to Penn - sy's hash - house, where the best is like the worst, Where there

The vocal and piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, key of D major. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The lyrics are:

cus - tard pie a - set - ting, know - ing that it's to be ate; For the
 ain't no ta - ble man - ners, and a man can raise a thirst; For the

The vocal and piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, key of D major. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The lyrics are:

din - ner's on the ta - ble, and the din - ner - bells they say, "Come you
 din - ner - bells are call - ing, and it's there that I would be; I don't

Melody used by permission of J. DYNELEY PRINCE.
 Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CAFE.

back, you Penn - syl - va - nian, come you back to this Ca - fé; Come you
care for this high liv - ing and the wait - er's lit - tle fee! Take me

p

back to the Ca - fé, It is just a - cross the way; Can't you hear the spoons a -
back to the Ca - fé! E - ven though I'm miles a - way, I can hear the spoons a -

dolce.

CHORUS.

jing - ling from the club to the Ca - fé? Twen - ty cents you'll have to pay; You'll die
jing - ling in the cups at the Ca - fé! Twen - ty cents I'd glad - ly pay; I'll die

rit.
some-time a - ny - way. Don't spend mon - ey at the Bar - tram, But sup - port our own Ca - fé.
some-time a - ny - way. Oh, I want to be at Penn - sy, And sup - port our own Ca - fé.

f *rit.* *p*

A CAPITAL SHIP.

Arranged by James Kendrick.

mf SOLO.

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing Win-dow Blind ! No
2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se-date, Yet fond of a - muse-ment too ; He
3. The cap - tain sat on the Com-mo-dore's hat, And dined in a roy - al way, Off

wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the Cap - tain's mind ; The
played hop-scotch with the star - board watch, While the cap - tain, he tick-led the crew ! And the
toast - ed pigs and pic-kles and figs And gun-ner - y bread each day. And the

man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
gun-ner we had was ap - parent - ly mad, For he sat on the af - ter rai - al - all, And
cook was Dutch, and be - haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew, Was a

oft - ten ap - peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale !
num-ber of tons of hot cross - buns Served up with sug - ar and glue.

Copyright, 1902, by HINDS & NOBLE.

A CAPITAL SHIP.

CHORUS.
TENORS.

(Mel. in 2d Tenor.)

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho !

BASSES.

A - rov - ing I will go !

I'll stay no more on

Eng-land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay ! I'm off for the morn-ing train ! I'll

cross the rag - ing main ! I'm off to my love with a box - ing glove, Ten thousand miles a - way !

4 All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee ;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.
Then blow, etc.

5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk ; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee ;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.
Then blow, etc.

THE POPE.

Allegro.
TENORS.

1. The Pope he leads a jol - ly life, jol - ly life; He's

BASSES.

free from ev - ry care and strife, care and strife, He drinks the best of Rhen - ish

He drinks the best of

best of Rhen - ish

Rhen - ish wine—

wine— . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine; He drinks the

Rhen - ish wine—

wine— . . .

He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine—

best of Rhen - ish wine— . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine.

He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine—

best of Rhen - ish wine— . . .

2 But he don't lead a jolly life;
He has no maid or blooming wife,
He has no son to raise his hope—
Oh! I would not be the Pope.

3 The Sultan better pleases me;
His life is full of jollity,
His wives are many as he will—
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

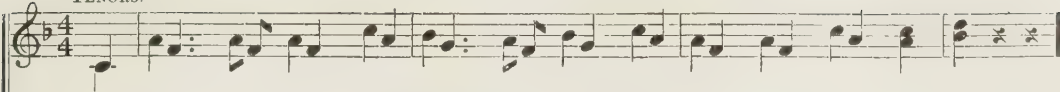
4 But still he is a wretched man;
He must obey the Alkoran,
He dare not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

5 So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be;
And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

By permission.

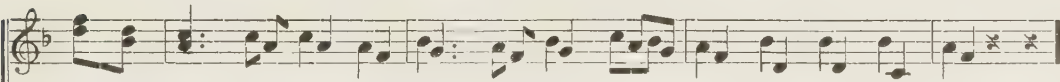
JOHNNIE CROUSE.

TENORS.



Oh, John - nie Crouse He caught a mouse, And tied it to a string ;

BASSES.



He . . took it to the riv - er side, And there he chucked it in.



Now the lit - tle mouse He swam a - cross And sat up - on a stone ;



Said the lit - tle mouse To John - nie Crouse, "See now what you have done."



Note. One of the University of Pennsylvania's oldest songs.

FORSAKEN.

English version by Mrs. G. Federlein.

Koschat.

TENORS.
pp *Slow.*

1. My love hath now left me, a - lone do I sigh, As a stone by the
2. Sweet flow - ers are bloom - ing all o - ver her grave, But the life of my

BASSES.
mf

way - side neg - lect - ed doth lie; . I go to the grave - yard, for
darl - ing my love could not save; . . All hope is now bur - ied, 'tis

there she doth sleep, My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I
dark ev - 'ry - where, A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would

weep; My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I weep.
share; A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would share.

ff *p* *ff* *p*

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

LAST NIGHT.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Nash.

Halfdan Kjerulf.

SOLO. *Andante.*

1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It
 2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night; I
 3. Near you the mo - ments are gold - en, With hope you fill my heart; When

CHORUS HUMMING.

pp *pp*

sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out . . the wood - land hill. I
 wake and would you were here, love, And tears . are blinding my sight. I
 ab - sent all life seems dark, love, All joys, . . all pleas-ures de - part. The

rit.

dolce.
 o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, I looked on the dream - ing dew, . . And
 hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float - ing through, And
 zeph - yrs that waft you to dream - land, Each ray from the heav'n - ly blue, . . The

ppp *mf* *p*

rit.
 oh! the bird, my darl - ing, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.
 oh! the night, my darl - ing, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.
 winds, the stars, my darl - ing, are tell - ing, Tell - ing my love for you!

rit.

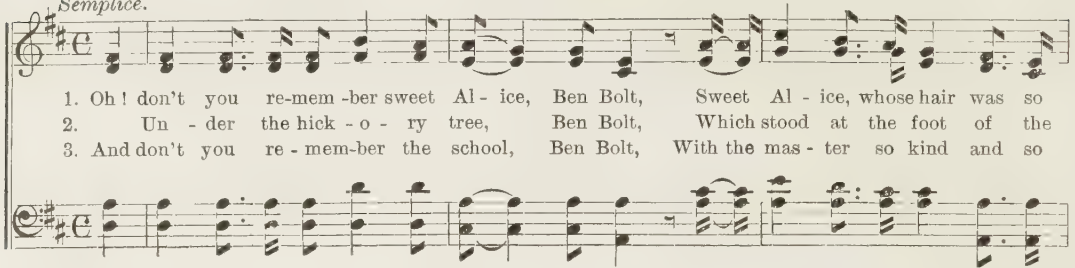
Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

BEN BOLT.

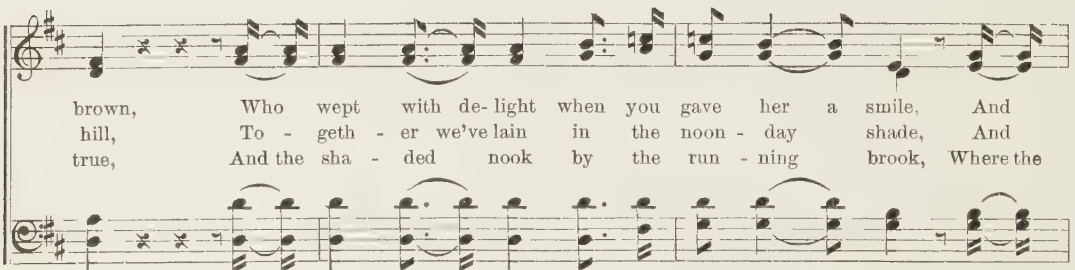
Words by Thomas Dunn English, '39.

Music by Nelson Kneass.

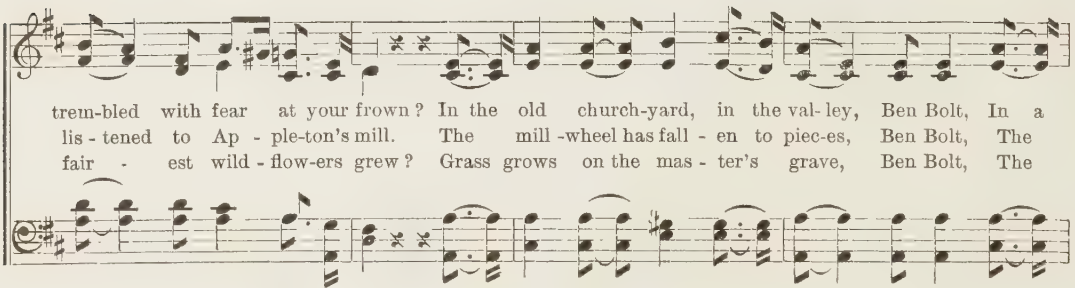
Semplice.



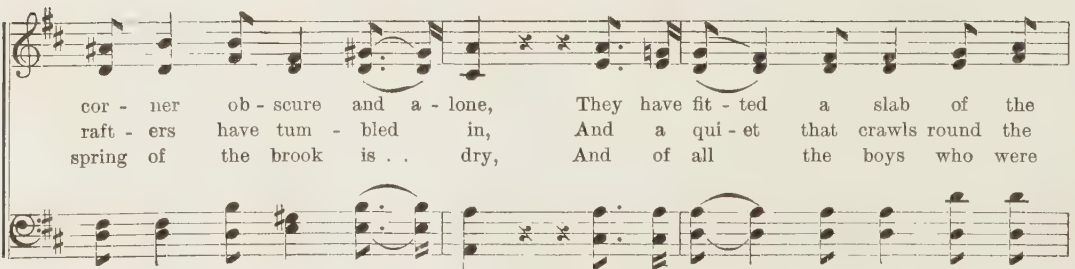
1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so
 2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
 3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so



brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
 hill, To-gether we've lain in the noon-day shade, And
 true, And the sha-ded nook by the run-ning brook, Where the



trem-bled with fear at your frown? In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a
 lis-tened to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, The
 fair-est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The



cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the
 raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a qui-et that crawls round the
 spring of the brook is . . dry, And of all the boys who were

BEN BOLT.

gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone, They have
walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - - en din, And a
school - mates then, There are on - ly you . . . and I; And of

fit - ted a slab of the gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din.
all . . the boys who were school - mates then, There are on - ly you . . and I.

HE WAS NERVOUS.

Music by Alexander S. Thompson.

He . . . was ner - vous, 'Twas time for him . . . now to pro - pose;
She . . . was ner - vous, 'Twas time for him . . . now to pro - pose;


He tried . . to be calm, . . . but he could - n't.
She feared . . ver - y much . . . that he would - n't.

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

THE QUILTING PARTY.

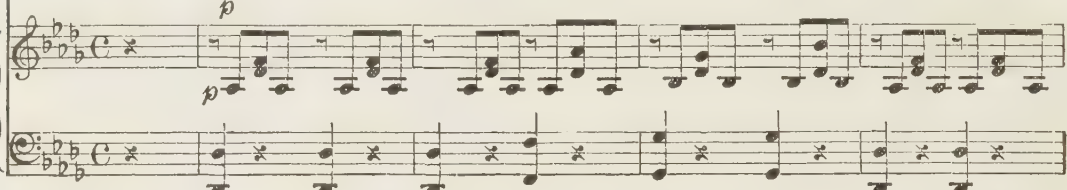
Arranged by Karl P. Harrington.

p Andante.



1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trembled, Trembled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas

p



cres.




from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.



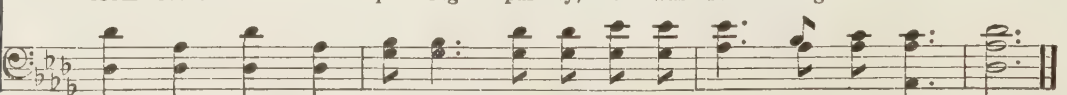
CHORUS. *mf*



I was see-ing Nel-lie home, . . I was see - ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.



Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

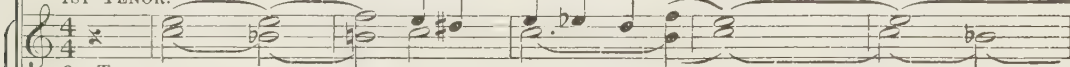
Tourtellot.

BASS SOLO.



1. I a - rise from dreams of thee, In the first sweet sleep of night; When the winds are breathing
2. The wandering airs they faint On the dark, the si - lent stream; And the Champak's o - dours
3. O lift me from the grass, I die! I faint! I fail! Let thy love in kiss - es

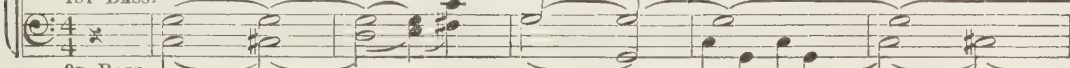
1ST TENOR.



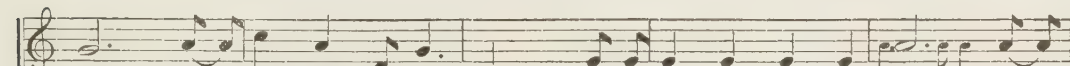
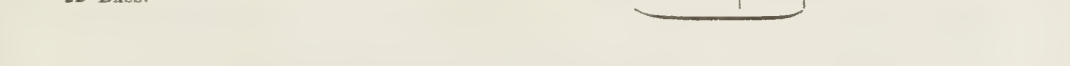
2D TENOR.

Humming.

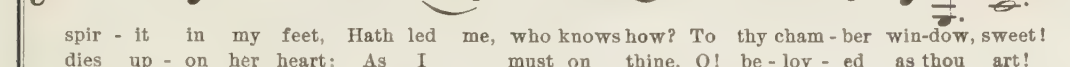
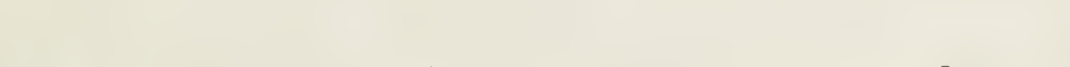
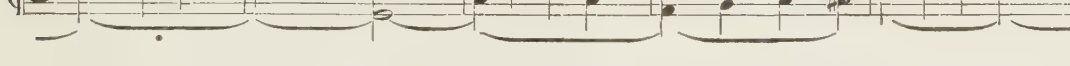
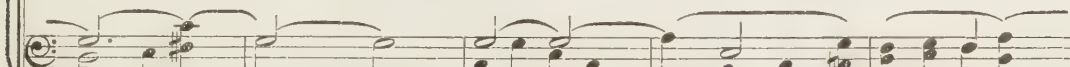
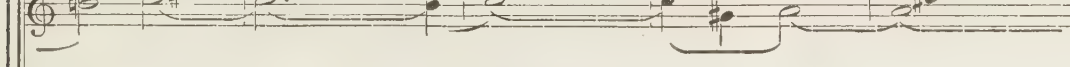
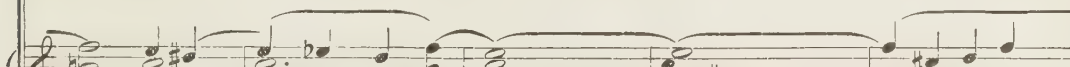
1ST BASS.



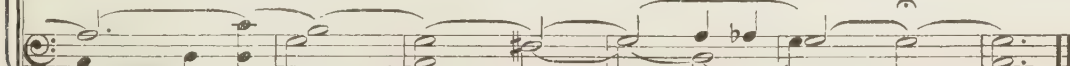
2D BASS.



low, And the stars are shin - ing bright. I a - rise from dreams of thee, And a
fail, Like sweet thoughts in a dream. The night - in - gale's com - plaint, It
rain On my lips and eye-lids pale. My cheek is cold and white, a-las! My



spir - it in my feet, Hath led me, who knows how? To thy cham - ber win - dow, sweet!
dies up - on her heart; As I must on thine, O! be - lov - ed as thou art!
heart beats loud and fast! Oh! press it to thine own again, Where it will break at last.



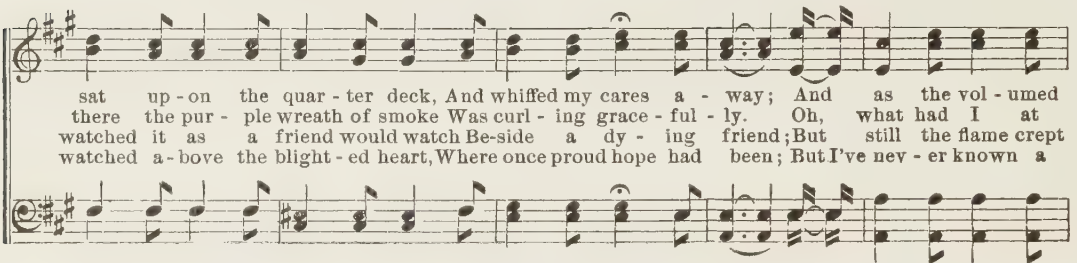
MY LAST CIGAR.

QUARTET.
TENORS.

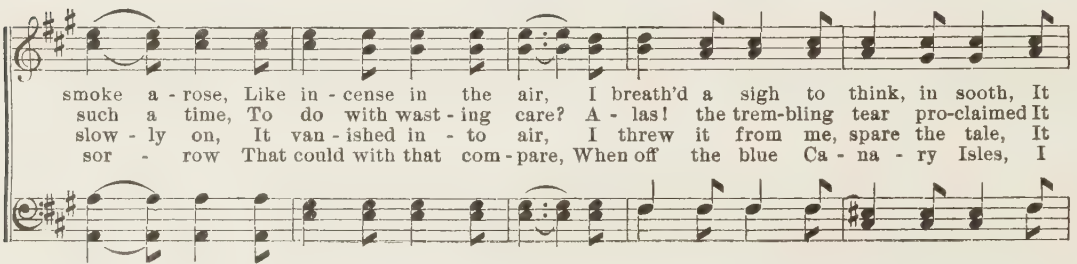


1. 'Twas off the blue Ca-na-ry Isles, A glo-rious sum-mer day, . I
 2. I leaned up-on the quar-ter rail, And looked down in the sea, . E'en
 3. I watched the ash-es as it came Fast draw-ing to the end; . I
 4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis-tance dim, . I've

BASSES.

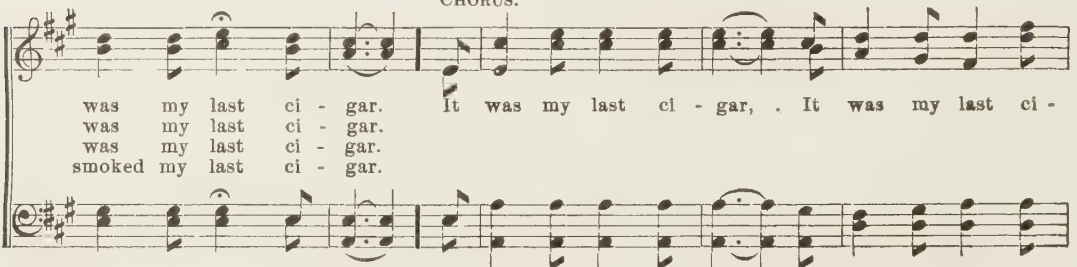


sat up-on the quar-ter deck, And whiffed my cares a-way; And as the vol-umed
 there the pur-ple wreath of smoke Was curl-ing grace-ful-ly. Oh, what had I at
 watched it as a friend would watch Be-side a dy-ing friend; But still the flame crept
 watched a-bove the blight-ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've nev-er known a

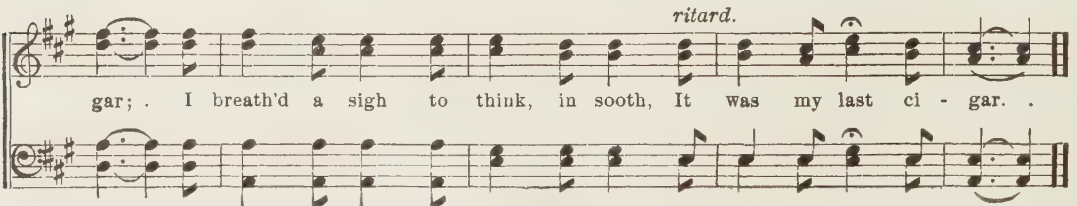


smoke a-rose, Like in-cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It
 such a time, To do with wast-ing care? A-las! the trem-bling tear pro-claimed It
 slow-ly on, It van-ished in-to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, It
 sor-row That could with that com-pare, When off the blue Ca-na-ry Isles, I

CHORUS.



was my last ci-gar. It was my last ci-gar, . It was my last ci-
 was my last ci-gar.
 was my last ci-gar.
 smoked my last ci-gar.



gar; . I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci-gar. .

By permission.

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

Words by *Judge Joseph Hopkinson, Class of 1786.

Maestoso.

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land ! Hail, ye he - roes ! heaven-born band ! Who
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots ! rise once more, De - fend your rights ; de - fend your shore : Let
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame ! Let Wash - ing - ton's great name Ring
4. Be - hold the Chief who now com - mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands. The

fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And
no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In -
through the world with loud ap - plause, Ring through the world with loud ap - plause, Let
rock on which the storm will beat ; The rock on which the storm will beat ; But

* Adapted by him to the music of the " President's March."

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won.
 vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well - earned prize.
 ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. Of
 armed in vir - tue, firm, and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.

Let in - de - pen - dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost;
 While of - f'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
 With e - qual skill, with god - like pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
 When hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
 truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
 hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
 stead - y mind from chan - ges free, Re - solved on death or Lib - er - ty.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;

As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

The musical score for 'Hail, Columbia!' consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal staff (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;' and 'As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.' The piano part includes triplets in the second system.

A COMMENCEMENT HYMN.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Great God, high o - ver all, On Thee we hum - bly call, Guide of our youth; Wis - dom of
 2. Who seek true wis - dom, find God in the rush - ing wind And in the flow'r; Na - tions Thou
 3. Once more Thy guid - ing hand Brings us with joy to stand In this glad place; Now we the
 4. To Thee, our God and King, Our work to - day we bring And hum - bly pray; May Truth and

TENOR AND BASS.

seer and sage, Source of each help - ful page, Light of each clime and age, God of all Truth.
 dost con - trol, Giv - ing to each its goal; Thou mov'st in ev - 'ry soul, God of all Pow'r.
 har - vest bring; To thee our prais - es sing; Loud let the wel - kin ring, God of all Grace.
 Pow'r and Grace, Moulding each form and face, Go forth to bless our race, Now and for aye.

The musical score for 'A Commencement Hymn' is for Soprano and Alto. It is in 3/4 time and one flat key signature. The lyrics are divided into four lines, each corresponding to a measure of the melody. The piano accompaniment is shown below the vocal staves.

By permission.

UPIDEE.

Words by Clarence Arthur.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. A new Co - ed has a - light - ed in town, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, In an
 2. Her hair is red and her oc - u - lars green, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, And her
 3. Her voice is clear as a soar - ing lark's, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, And her

CHORUS. SOLO.

up - to - dat - est tai - lor - made gown, U - pi - dee - i - da. The boys are wild, and
 age is just that too - too sweet 'steen, U - pi - dee - i - da. Her waist is small, her
 wit is like those trol - ley - car sparks, U - pi - dee - i - da. When 'cross a mud - dy

CHORUS.

prex is, too, You nev - er heard such a hul - la - ba - loo. U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da,
 foot is, too, She's hoo - doed me, and she'll hoo - doo you!
 street she flits The boys all have con - nip - tion fits.

U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i -

tr.....

da, r-r-r-r-r Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, . . U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da,
 tr.....

Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

UPIDEE.

U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i - da.

4 She's not a prude, nor a little too-too,
Though she looks as if she knew a thing or two;
She makes us all hop, skip, and jump,
With our hearts all going thump-ity-thump.

'Tis enough to make a parson drunk
To hear her sing old co-ca-che-lunk.

5 The turn of her head turns all ours, too,
There's always a strife to sit in her pew ;

6 There's never a charm this maid has not,
She's the cross of our "T's," of our "I's" the dot;
To sing her praises more is — well
The tin-tin-ab-u-lation of a belle.

THE TWO ROSES.

Werner.

Andante.
TENORS.

1. On a bank two ro-ses fair, Wet with morn-ing show-ers, Filled with dew, in
2. This in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the
3. Like her cheeks the blush-ing ray, Which thy bud en-clos-es; Bright-er far than

BASSES.

fra-grance grew, As I, pen-sive, full of care, Gath-ered two sweet flow-ers;
spot-less mind Which a-dorns my spot-less maid, In-no-cen-ce's em-blem
you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal-ous, ro-ses.

Tell me, ro-ses, tru-ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

THE ANTRIM COUNTY BALL.

Words by Albert B. Kelley, '92.

Music by Edmond D. Beale.

Moderato.

1. 'Twas down in Coun-ty An - trim once, they
2. The ball-room it was bright and gay and
3. Tho' oth - er things were el - e - gant the
4. The sup - per o - ver, ev - 'ry - one got

gave a coun - ty ball, . The gen - try there of prom - i - nence were pres - ent at it
bril - liant was the light, . The floor was ver - y slip - per - y, and ev - 'ry - bod - y
sup - per took the prize; . The cook had ex - er - cised him - self in mak - ing veal and
rea - dy to de - part, . But Cor - ri - gan who couldn't move, and Dunn who said he'd

one and all. And those who were not prom - i - nent were pres - ent at it too. . . The
danc'd that night. And those who came and did - n't dance were cer - tain - ly "de trop," . But
pi - geon pies. The pas - try was - n't made of paste, but it was gen - u - ine, . . The
nev - er start Un - til the rum was fin - ished, and the whis - key put a - way, . . And

Used by permission of WM. H. BONER & Co., owners of the copyright.

THE ANTRIM COUNTY BALL.

An - trim ball was not con - fined to those whose blood is blue. . .
 they got at the whis - key and with that they made things go. . .
 soup was ver - y pop - u - lar for it was su - per - fine. . .
 tho' Tim did - n't know it, he would not have long to stay. . .

Old Sir Mi - chael Ca - sey came as large as life, . . . Lit - tle Doc - tor
 Ma - ny danc'd the po - ker, some the Mig - non - ette, . . . Da - cey did - n't
 There were oys - ter pat - ties, par - trid - ges and grouse, . . . Wa - ter - ice and
 Some went home in wag - ons, man - y had to walk, . . . Clan - cey tried to

tr. *tr.* *tr.*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Duf - fy was brought there by his wife. . . The law - yer and the par - son
 dance at all and Clan - cy's danc - ing yet. . . Bro - phy's lit - tle sis - ter
 ice - cream e - nough to fill a house. . . La - dy fin - gers, cream - puffs and
 call a cab, but Clan - cy could - n't talk. . . Sir Mich - ael took the side - walk

tr. *tr.* *tr.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

THE ANTRIM COUNTY BALL.

came to see the fun, . . . And girls were there, both dark and fair, and
 did a fan - cy dance, . . . And Dan Mc-Neil would have danced a reel but
 cakes of ev - 'ry kind, . . . And there were wines of man - y kinds, the
 and wouldn't walk but skate . . . For he'd e - nough of the good old stuff, to

fz mf fz

*Ped. **

some were nei - ther one, . . . So - ci - e - ty was out in force and
 did - n't have a chance, . . . For Dan - ny could - n't dance a reel 'twas
 list would stretch a mile, . . . The cham-pagne it was ve - ry dry, so
 cause him to ro - tate, . . . Kate Bro - phy want - ed to go home, but

mf

ma - ny more be - side, . . . Tim Dunn the vil - lage tai - lor came and brought with him his
 but an im - i - ta - tion Al - tho 'twas dan - ger - ous for au - y one to make that
 dry 'twas full of dust, . . . The oth - er wines were ve - ry still, but si - lent things you
 could - n't find her bon - net, The rea - son be - ing, Mrs. Burke had qui - et - ly sat

THE ANTRIM COUNTY BALL.

blush - ing bride. The great folks, and the lit - tle folks got mix'd be - yond re -
dec - la - ra - tion. All the rooms were crowd - ed and they danced out in the
can - not trust, So man - y were de - ceived by them, and tast - ed of them
down up - on it. Ma - ny were the peo - ple who could not get home at

call. . . And ev - 'ry one was hap - py at the An - trim Coun - ty Ball. . . .
hall . . . And ev - 'ry one was hap - py at the An - trim Coun - ty Ball. . . .
all. . . . And felt a bit too hap - py at the An - trim Coun - ty Ball. . . .
all. . . . For ev - 'ry one was hap - py at the An - trim Coun - ty Ball. . . .

When the band did play the mu - sic it was grand, There nev - er was such play - ing as

that done by the An - trim band; For - ward, then back a - gain,

THE ANTRIM COUNTY BALL.

bal - ance one and all, Ev - 'ry one was hap - py at the An - trim Ball. . .

ff

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are 'bal - ance one and all, Ev - 'ry one was hap - py at the An - trim Ball. . .'. The piano part features a strong, rhythmic accompaniment with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking.

FULL CHORUS.

When the band did play the mu - sic it was grand. There nev - er was such play - ing as

ff

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The key signature remains one sharp. The lyrics are 'When the band did play the mu - sic it was grand. There nev - er was such play - ing as'. The piano part continues with a strong, rhythmic accompaniment, marked with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic.

that done by the An - trim band, For - ward, then back a - gain, bal - ance one and all,

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody continues on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The key signature remains one sharp. The lyrics are 'that done by the An - trim band, For - ward, then back a - gain, bal - ance one and all,'. The piano part continues with a strong, rhythmic accompaniment.

Ev - 'ry one was hap - py at the An - trim Ball.

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The vocal melody continues on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The key signature remains one sharp. The lyrics are 'Ev - 'ry one was hap - py at the An - trim Ball.'. The piano part continues with a strong, rhythmic accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

LULLABY SERENADE.

Words by William Ernst, Jr., '96.

Music by Charles Gilpin, 3d, '99.

Andantino.

1. Ev - 'ry night be - neath thy case - ment, . . . Ev - 'ry
2. Ev - 'ry night when gen - tle slum - ber . . . Wooes thee,

night I lin - ger here, Wait - ing for thee;
la - dy, for his bride, Then do I pray

Ev - 'ry night, Just . . . to greet thee, dear . . .
An - gels a - bove Keep thee till morn - ing tide . . .

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

LULLABY SERENADE.

p

Though the stars a - bove be shin - ing, . . . Blink - ing
Here a - lone I'll keep my vi - gil . . . While the

fond - ly in the skies, What star of all in the
stars a - bove do shine, Close then thine eyes . . in

heav'ns a - bove That can e - qual your own dear eyes,
slum - ber sweet And may dreams of fond bliss be thine,

LULLABY SERENADE.

ritard.

... That can e - qual your own dear eyes. Sleep, sleep, sleep. The
 ... And may dreams of fond bliss be thine. Sleep, sleep, sleep. The

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

day-light is dy - ing, The stars blink on high, The night wind is sigh - ing a

mp

sweet lul - la - by; 'Tis time for re - pos - ing when eye - lids are clos - ing May

pp

bright an - gels watch o'er you ev - er and aye, Good-night, good-night, good-night. . . .

JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro. mf

1. Dash-ing thro'the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
 2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

Laugh-ing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring, Ma-king spir-its bright; What
 seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-for-tune seem'd his lot; He
 sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then

CHORUS.* *f*

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night! Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
 got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

* Accompanied by jingling glasses

JINGLE, BELLS.

Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

Andante.
BASS SOLO.

PETER GRAY.

1. Once on a time, there was a man, His name was Pe-ter Gray; He
lived way down in that 'ere town call'd Penn-syl-va-ni-a.

CHORUS.
TENORS.

Blow, ye winds of the morning, Blow, ye winds, heigh-o; . . . Blow, ye winds of the morn-ing, Blow, blow, blow.

BASSES.


- 2 Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl;
The first three letters of her name were L-U-C, Anna Quirl.—CHO.
- 3 But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent way off to Ohio.—CHO.
- 4 And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp-y-ed, by the bloody Indians.—CHO.
- 5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di-l-ed.—CHO.

ROSALIE.

Words of 4th verse by Arthur Thomas.

SOLO.

mf



1. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I drink the di - vine Eau de
 2. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm called by les dames tres jo -
 3. I go to the fête de Mar-quise, de Mar-quise, I go and make love at my
 4. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, 'Tis Pi-erre, now, ça - ça; then Pi -

CHORUS. TENORS.

mf




La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

BASSES.

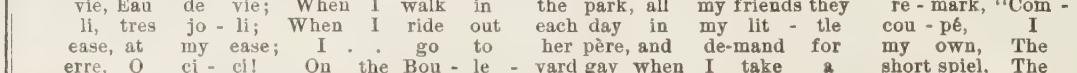


La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

vie, Eau de vie; When I walk in the park, all my friends they re - mark, "Com -
 li, tres jo - li; When I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou - pé, I
 ease, at my ease; I go to her père, and de-mand for my own, The
 erre, O çi - çi! On the Bou - le - vard gay when I take a short spiel, The



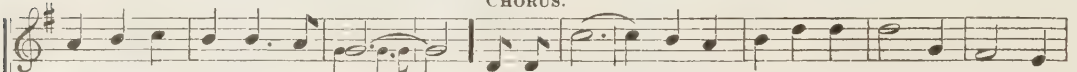
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



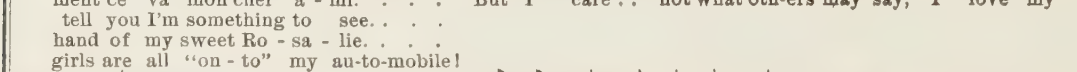
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

CHORUS.

ment ce va mon cher a - mi." . . . But I care . . not what oth - ers may say, I love my
 tell you I'm something to see . . .
 hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie . . .
 girls are all "on - to" my au - to - mobile!



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Ro - sa - lie; . . Pret - ty Rose, charm - ing Rose, . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. .



Ro - sa - lie; . . Pret - ty Rose, charming Rose, . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. .



Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

Words by Thompson Seiser Westcott, '82.

Music by W. J. Baltzell, '96.

Moderato.

1. Man - y cen - tu - ries a - go in the time of the Greeks When a
 2. Now this jol - ly old . . gen - tle - man, strange to re - late, Was . .
 3. When he went . . out a - sail - ing a great storm a - rose, And the
 4. But the worst . . of his sto - ry is yet to be told, When his

man wore his pa - per shirt - col - lar ten weeks, Lived a
 most un - ac - count - a - bly har - assed by fate ; He was
 bri - ny waves salt - ed his brand new store clothes ; He was
 legs grew rheu - mat - ic and Ly - di - a cold ; He . .

jol - ly old . . bache - lor - the . . man - u - scripts back us - Whose
 crushed by the fall . . of a pine - tree one . . day, - Or at
 drowned in the depths with some for - ty - five . . more, - Or at
 died . . and is laid . . 'neath the Es - qui - line . . stones, - Or at

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

name it was Quin - tus Ho - ra - ti - us Flac - cus.
 least so he would had he been in the way.
 least so he would had he not swum a - shore.
 least so he'd be, did we not have his Bohn's.

CHORUS.

1, 2, 3. With his dac - tyls and spon - dees and i - am - bic rhyme, Grind - ing
 4. With his dac - tyls and spon - dees and i - am - bic rhyme, Writ - ing

Acc. ad libitum.

odes to his Ly - dia he spent all his time ; But he took the oc - ca - sion, like
 odes to his Ly - dia he spent all his time ; Though he died and lies bur - ied in

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.



good Fa - ther En-nius, To build him a mon - u - ment a - e - re per - en - nius.
Rome as they say He will live in mem - o - ri - am - ma - ny a day.

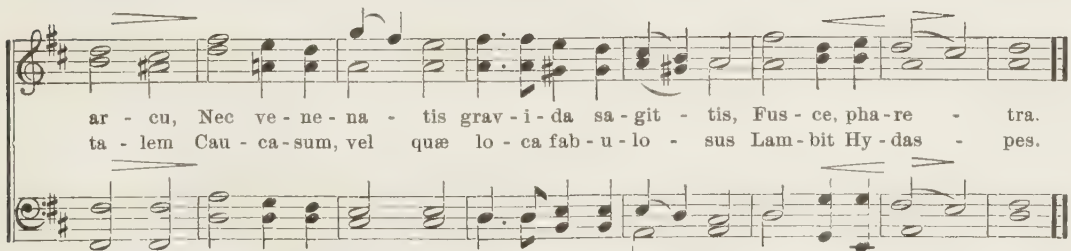
INTEGER VITÆ.

LIB. I., ODE XXII. Horatii Flacci.

TENORS.



1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non - e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -
BASSES.



ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis grav - i - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Juba tellus generat, leouum
Arida nutrit.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget;

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinquum
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

THE LORELEY.

MIXED VOICES.

F. Silcher.

1. I . . know not what it pre - sa - ges, That I am so sad . . to - day; .
 1. Ich weiss nicht was soll es be - deu - ten, Dass ich so trau - rig bin, .

A le-gend of for - mer a - ges Will not from my thoughts a - way. .
 Ein Mär - chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn. .

The air . . is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on, . .
 Die Luft ist kühl und es dun - kelt Und ruh - ig fliesst der Rhein, . .

The peak of the mount - ain spar - kles In the glow of the eve - ning sun.
 Der Gip - fel des Ber - ges fun - kelt, Im A - bend - son - nen - schein.

2 The most beautiful maid is reclining
 On the cliff, so wondrous fair;
 Her glorious jewels are shining,
 She is combing her golden hair;
 With a golden comb she combs it,
 And sings a song thereby,
 That thrills with its mystic meaning
 And powerful melody.

2 Die schönste Jungfrau sitzt
 Dort oben wunderbar
 Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet
 Sie kämmt sich ihr goldenes Haar
 Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kämme
 Und singt ein Lied dabei
 Das hat eine wundersame
 Gewalt'ge Melodei.

3 It seizes with wildest yearning
 The boatman, entranc'd in his skiff;
 He sees not the treacherous breakers,
 He gazes alone on the cliff.
 And soon will the waves engulf them,
 Both boat and boatman strong,
 For thus in her toils hath she bound them,
 The Loreley with her song.

3 Den Schiffer in kleinem Schiffe
 Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
 Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
 Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.
 Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen,
 Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
 Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
 Die Lorelei gethan.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Lady John Scott.

Tenderly.

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it
 3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in

cres.

An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which
 is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
 sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's
cres.

p

ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

*THE CREW SONG.

Words by Clayton Fotterall McMichael, '91.

I sing a song of rowing
 On the waters deep and blue;
 A most exhilarating scene
 As through the waves we're going
 With a brave and sturdy crew,
 Our senses are both sharp and keen;
 But the rowing that's most bracing,
 All your weariness effacing,
 Is when you're bravely racing
 For the trophy that you dearly prize.

CHORUS. There are staunch men true
 In the old Yale blue,
 There are loyal men from Harvard and from
 Princeton too,
 But of all true men
 Now within my ken,
 There are none to me so dear as are the sons
 of Penn.

*Sung to melody of "The Maiden With the Dreamy Eyes."

GAUDEAMUS.

CHORUS.
TENORS.

1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;

BASSES.

QUARTET.

Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;

CHORUS.

Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,

Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus.

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ

6 Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osiores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

8 Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

9 Alma Mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.

SIMON THE CELLARER.

Music by J. L. Hatton.

Allegretto.



1. Old Si - mon, the Cel - lar - er, keeps a rare store of Malm-sey and Ma - lo - voi -
2. Dame Mar - ge - ry sits in her own still room, And a Ma - tron sage is
3. Old Si - mon re - clines in his high - backed chair, And oft talks a - bout tak - ing a



sie, And Cy - prus, and who can say how ma - ny more! For a
 she; From thence oft at Cur - few is waft - ed a fume, She
 wife; And Mar - ge - ry is oft - en heard to de - clare: "She



SIMON THE CELLARER.

cha - ry old soul is he, . . . A cha - ry old soul . . . is
says "it is Rose - ma - rie!" . . . She says "it is Rose - ma -
ought to be set - tled in life!" . . . "She ought to be set - tled in

he. Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he nev - er doth fail, And
rie:" But there's a small cup - board be - hind the back stair, And the
life!" But Mar - ge - ry has (so the maids say) a tongue, And she's

all the year round there is brew - ing of ale; Yet he nev - er ail - eth, he
maids say they oft - en see Mar - ge - ry there. Now Mar - ge - ry says that she
not ve - ry hand - some, and not ve - ry young: So some-how it ends with a

ad lib.

p legg. *colla voce.* *sostenuto.*

quaint - ly doth say, While he keeps to his so - ber six fla - gons a day: But
'grows ve - ry old, And she must take a some - thing to keep out the cold!" But
shake of the head, And old Si - mon he brews him a tank - ard in - stead; While

a tempo.

a tempo.

mf *p*

SIMON THE CELLARER.

ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew, How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
 ho! ho! ho! old Si-mon doth know Where ma-ny a flask of his best doth go.
 ho! ho! ho! he will chuc-kle and crow, What!mar-ry old Mar-ge-ry? no! no! no!

TENORS.

But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew, How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
 But ho! ho! ho! old Si-mon doth know, Where ma-ny a flask of his best doth go.
 While ho! ho! ho! he will chuc-kle and crow, What!mar-ry old Mar-ge-ry? no! no! no!

BASSES.

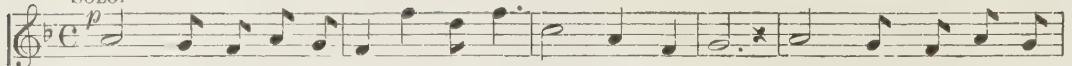
mf *f*

SWANEE RIVER.

Melody by S. C. Foster.

Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

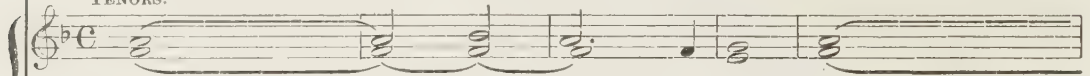
SOLO.



1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

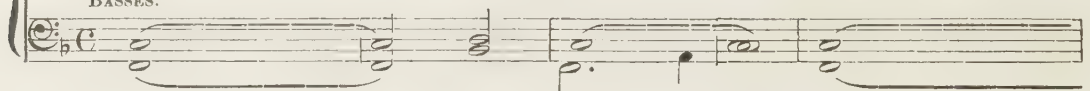
CHORUS.

TENORS.



pp Humming.

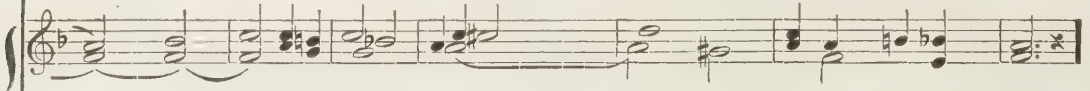
BASSES.



turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the
mem-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When shall I see the



whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
bees a-humming, All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?



CHORUS.

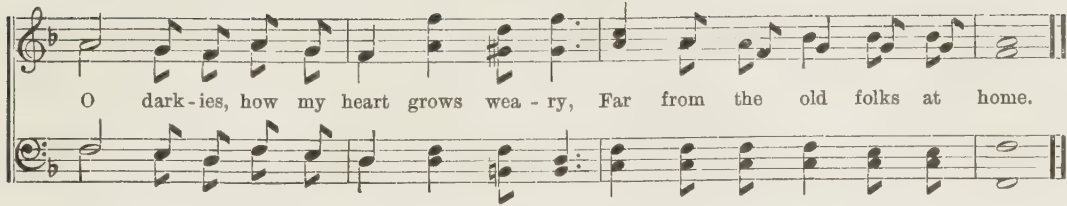


All the world am dark and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam,



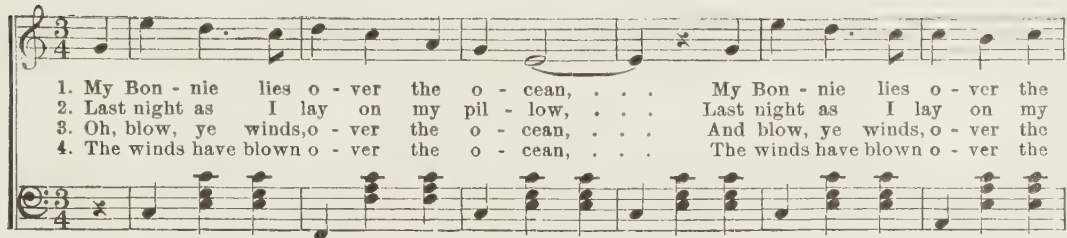
Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

SWANEE RIVER.

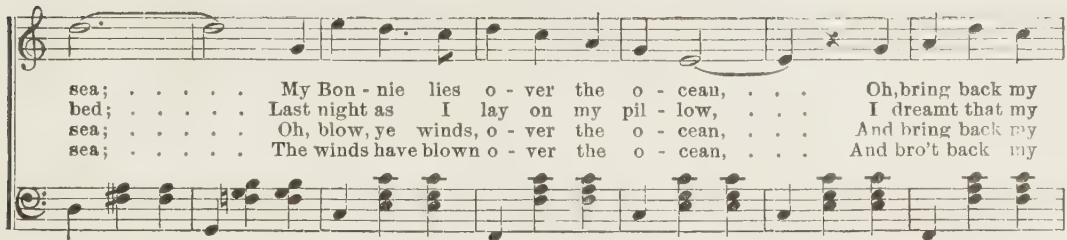


O dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from the old folks at home.

MY BONNIE.

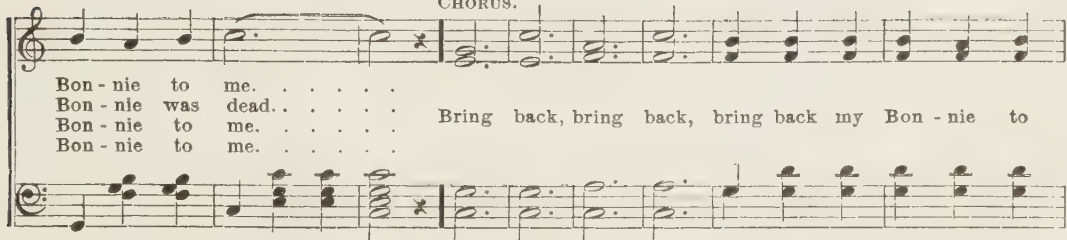


1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . Last night as I lay on my
 3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
 4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . The winds have blown o - ver the

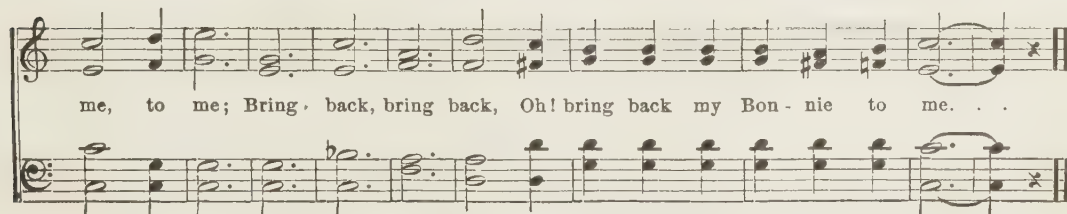


sea; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . Oh, bring back my
 bed; Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . I dreamt that my
 sea; Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bring back my
 sea; The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bro't back my

CHORUS.



Bon - nie to me.
 Bon - nie was dead.
 Bon - nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie to me.



me, to me; Bring. back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

SMOKER'S ANTHEM.

Words by
Edwin Fisher King, '62.*

Arranged by
William Stansfield, Mus. B., '02.

SOLO.

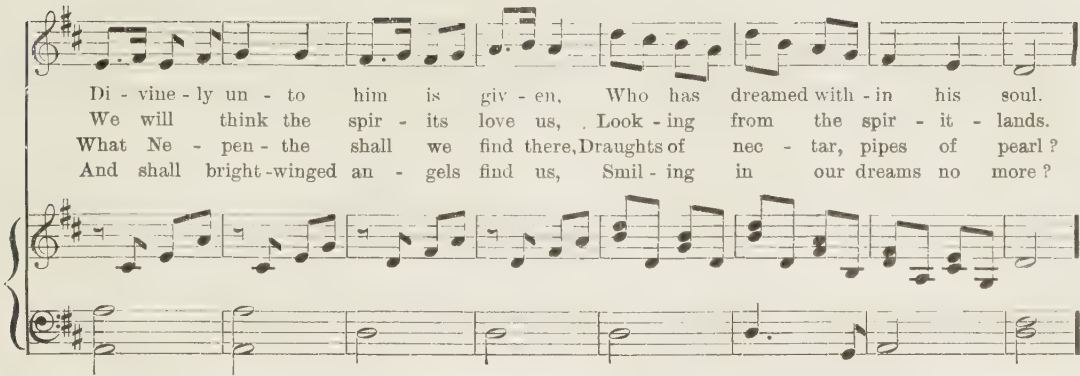
1. Broth - ers, smoke, the day is o - ver, Float a - way your cares in clouds,
2. Dreams they say for boy-hood's hours, Acts for man - hood's full - er day ;
3. But our dreams with bright-ness la - den Shall grow pure as life is won,
4. Shall we in our spir - it dream-ing, Rest - ing on the star - ry flowers,

Let no earth - ly sor - rows hov - er 'Round you in their ghost - ly shrouds.
For our hearts shut like the flow - ers When the sun - light fades a - way.
Till we reach the dis - tant ai - den, Slow - ly fad - ing, one by one.
Look in - to sweet eyes that beam-ing Throw back glan - ces in - to ours ?

This the fair - est plant from Hea - ven, In - cense burn - ing in the bowl,
But while smoke-wreaths curl a - bove us, And our life is in our hands,
From the earth we leave be - hind here, From the smoke-wreath's la - zy curl,
Or shall sleep e - ter - nal bind us On the dark Le - the - an shore.

* "Ambrose" of Monks of Meerschaum.

SMOKER'S ANTHEM.



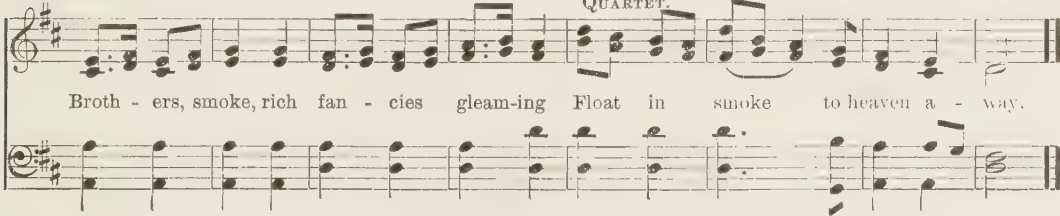
Di - vine - ly un - to him is giv - en, Who has dreamed with - in his soul.
 We will think the spir - its love us, Look - ing from the spir - it - lands.
 What Ne - pen - the shall we find there, Draughts of nec - tar, pipes of pearl?
 And shall bright-winged an - gels find us, Smil - ing in our dreams no more?

CHORUS.



Broth - ers, dream, your bright - est dream - ing Shall be wrought from out this clay;

Duo.



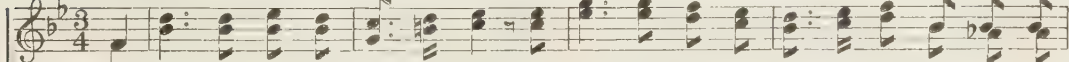
Broth - ers, smoke, rich fan - cies gleam - ing Float in smoke to heaven a - way.

QUARTET.

WHEN FIRST I KISSED SWEET MARGARET.

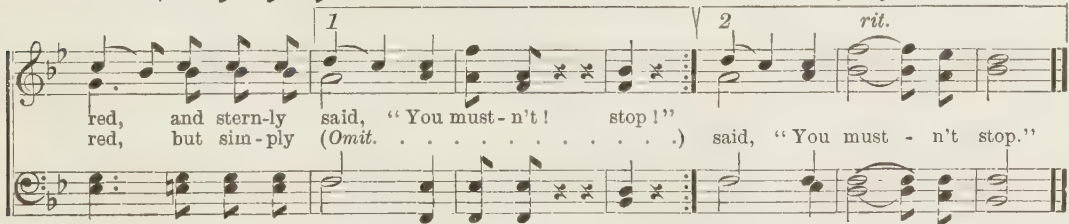
Music by Walter Howe Jones.

TENORS.



1. When first I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, When first I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
2. Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-

BASSES.

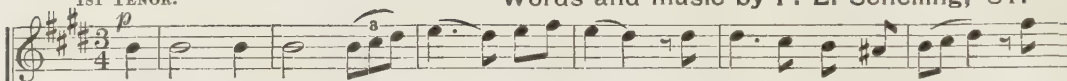
red, and stern - ly said, "You must - n't! stop!"
 red, but sim - ply (Omit.) said, "You must - n't stop."

Copyright, 1901, by WALTER HOWE JONES

SERENADE.

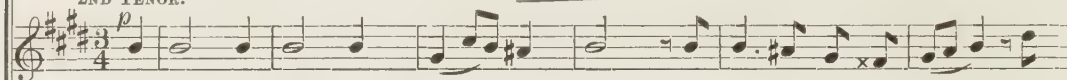
Andante.
1ST TENOR.

Words and music by F. E. Schelling, '81.



1. The night is still : all round is hush'd—All save the sigh-ing breeze. The
2. The rip - pling wave - lets kiss the sand, And, all a-bash'd re - cede ; And
3. A - mid yon crum - bling ru - ins drear, The owl, in mourn-ful notes, Tells

2ND TENOR.

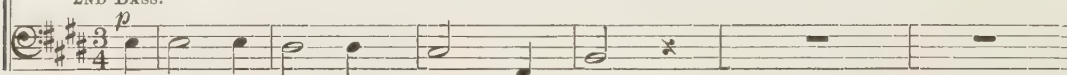


1ST BASS.

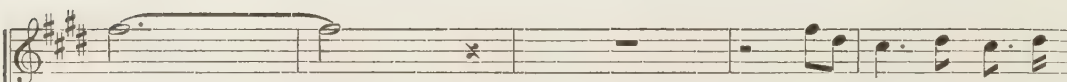


1. The night is still : all round is hush'd — The breeze,
2. The rip - pling wave - lets kiss the sand, Re - cede,
3. A - mid yon crum - bling ru - ins drear, The owl

2ND BASS.



The
And
Tells



moon The shad - ows 'mid the
dash The rocks and dark sea -
forth 'Mongst moss and i - vy



moon - light fills with phan-tom shapes The shad - ows 'mid the trees.
dash with spray and snow - y foam The rocks and dark sea-weed.
forth her woes and mood - i - ly 'Mongst moss and i - vy gloats.



The shad - ows 'mid the
The rocks and dark sea -
'Mongst moss and i - vy



moon - - - light
with spray
tells forth

By permission.

SERENADE.

mf *pp*

trees, The moon - light fills with phan - tom shapes The shad - ows 'mid the trees. Then
 weed, And dash with spray and snow - y foam The rocks and dark sea weed. Then
 gloats; Tells forth her woes and mood - i - ly 'Mongst moss and i - vy gloats. Then

mf *pp*

trees, The moon - light fills with phan - tom shapes The shad - ows 'mid the trees.
 weed, And dash with spray and snow - y foam The rocks and dark sea weed.
 gloats; Tells forth her woes and mood - i - ly 'Mongst moss and i - vy gloats.

sleep, my love, till the sleep - ing world is wak - ened by the morn, Till
 sleep, my love, till the fresh - ning wind of morn - ing fills the sail, Till
 sleep, my love, till the glo - ri - ous sun suc - ceeds the star - ry night,

sleep, my love, . . . sleep, my love, Oh, . . .

Sleep, . . . my . . . love, . . . Oh,

Sleep, my love, Oh,

night's dark shad - ows swift - ly fly be - fore the rud - dy light of dawn.
 joy - ful shouts the ma - ri - ner fears the rude and an - gry gale.
 Till with swell - ing hearts and flut - tering wing the lark soars on her flight.

sleep, my love! Sleep, love, . . . till dawn.

sleep, . . . my . . . love, . . . till dawn.

sleep, my love, till dawn.

THE LONE FISH-BALL.

SOLO.

1. There was a
2. What wretch is
3. He feels his

man went up and down To seek a din - ner thro' the town.
he who wife for - sakes, Who best of jam and waf - fles makes?
cash to know his pence, And finds he has but just six cents.

There was a man went up and down, To seek a din - ner thro' the town.
CHORUS.
There was a man went up and down, To seek a din - ner thro' the town.

- 4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.
- 5 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.
- 6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-balls."
- 7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, — "One Fish-ball."
- 8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "One Fish-ball!"

- 9 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."
- 10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!"

MORAL.

- 11 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.
- 12 Who would Fish-ball with fixins eat,
Must get some friend to stand a treat.

THE BULL-DOG.

Moderato.
SOLO. 1ST TENOR.

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank! Oh! the

Solo. 2D BASS.

And the bull-frog in the pool;

CHORUS. *Piu Allegro.*

bull-dog on the bank: Oh! the bull-dog on the

ritard. attacca il cho.

And the bull-frog in the pool;

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool.

CHOR

Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Singing

Repeat pp.

tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la.

tra, la, la.

2 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw.—CHO.

3 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"

"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."—CHO.

4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank;
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole
And sent him off to school.—CHO.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson.

Old English Air.

mp

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . . .
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . . .

mp

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
 As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . . .
 thou there-on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . . .
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. . . .

MARY JANE.

Words by Edgar Meck Dilley, '97.

Music by Preston Ware Orem, '87.

Vivace.

1. I
2. I
3. My

Moderato.

said good - bye, with ma - ny a sigh, To Ma - ry Jane of New York Bay, An',
 said good - bye, with ma - ny a sigh, To Ma - ry Jane of Sing - a - pore, An'
 next ship sunk with me in my bunk An' I went down to Da - vy Jones; Said

hon - est true, a month or two I mourn'd my sweetheart ev - 'ry day. But I
 sail'd a - way with - out my pay I mourn'd my sweetheart all the more. Till one
 Dave to me, "Step 'round and see The o - cean pay'd with dead men's bones." So I

Used by permission of EDGAR MECK DILLEY, owner of the copyright.

MARY JANE.

sigh'd no more, When I went a - shore, Down at Sing - a - pore, With my
af - ter - noon, Came a big ty - phoon, Kick - in' up a tune, An' it
walk'd a - bout And a girl jump'd out, An' be - gan to pout, Mak - in'

mon - ey in my hand ; At the haw - ser chain, By the in - cline plane, There stood
dump'd us in the sea. I came to next morn, Bleed - in', bruis'd, for - lorn, An' as
eyes at me in vain. I was in a whirl, At this mer - maid girl All dress'd

Ma - ry Jane, Waiting for me on the land. Yo - ho, yo - ho, yo - ho, Then
sure's you're born, Ma-ry Jane was hold-in' me. Yo - ho, yo - ho, yo - ho, Then
up in pearl, Till I saw 'twas Ma-ry Jane. Yo - ho, yo - ho, yo - ho, Then

mf *colla parte.* *sf*

f *Animato e marcato.*
who would not sail the sea ? . . . An' who would not be a rov - er ? . . . For
Animato e marcato.
mf

MARY JANE.

all the day long, It is noth - in' but song, Till you nev - er come back an - y more. . . Then

who would not sail the sea? . . . An' who would not be a rov - er? . . . Wher -

ev - er Jack goes, in his brand new store clothes Ma - ry Jane's wait - in' on the

shore. . . . Jane's wait-in' on . . . the shore. . . .

ff *ff* *8va*

HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

Allegro.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the moun - tain top, tip - top, De -

TENOR AND BASS.

scend - ing down be - low, De - scend - ing down be - low, . . . low.

CHORUS.

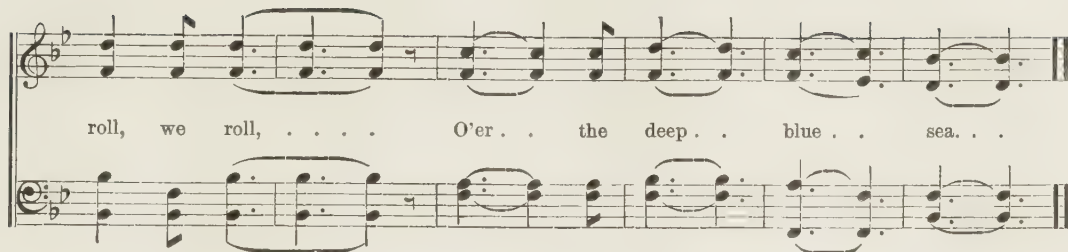
Let us all u - nite in love, Trust - ing

in The pow'rs a - bove. Mer - ri - ly now we

Trust - ing in the pow'rs a - bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we

HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.



roll, we roll, O'er . . the deep . . blue . . sea. . .

NUT BROWN MAIDEN.

Moderato.
TENORS.



mf

1. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 2. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 3. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 4. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast such pearl - y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid - en, Thou

BASSES.

mf

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The
 hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The
 hast a slen - der waist; A slen - der waist is thine, love! The
 hast such pearl - y teeth; The pearl - y teeth are false, love! They

glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 kiss - ing of it's mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 arm a - round it's mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
 rat - tle when you waltz, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou

hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye.
 hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip.
 hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen - der waist.
 hast such pearl - y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast such pearl - y teeth.

By permission.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

Allegro.

Music by R. H. Atkinson.

1ST AND 2ND TENORS.

There was a jol - ly mil - ler lived on the Riv - er Dee, There

mf

1ST AND 2ND BASSES.

was a jol - ly mil - ler lived on the Riv - er Dee, He looked up - on his pil - low, he

looked up - on his pil - low, he looked up - on his pil - low and there he saw a flea, .

rall.

... He looked up - on his pil - low and there he saw a flea.

a tempo.

Oh, mis - ter flea, you have bit - ten me and you must die, . .

Adagio.

By permission of Wm. A. POND AND Co., owners of copyright.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

rit. *Allegro.*

and you must die. . . So he cracked, he cracked, he cracked, he cracked, he

cracked, he cracked his bones, he cracked his bones up - on the stones and

there he let him lie. . . He cracked his bones up - -

mf He cracked his bones up - on the stones, He

on the stones, and there, and there he

cracked his bones up - on . . the stones, He cracked his bones up - on . . the stones and

Adagio.

let him . . lie, . . let . . him lie, . . let . . him lie. . .

rit. there he let . . him . . .

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

Solo.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - y may

gay; The corn - tops ripe and the mead - ows in the bloom, While the
 shore; They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
 go; A few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the

birds make mu - sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
 bench by the old cab - in door; The day goes by like a sha - dow o'er the heart, With
 fields where the su - gar - canes grow; A few more days for to tote the hea - vy load, No

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
 sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
 mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my

The first system of the musical score for 'My Old Kentucky Home'. It features a vocal melody line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line. The system ends with a repeat sign.

CHORUS.

old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will

The chorus section of the musical score. It begins with the word 'CHORUS.' above the vocal line. The lyrics continue below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The system ends with a repeat sign.

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

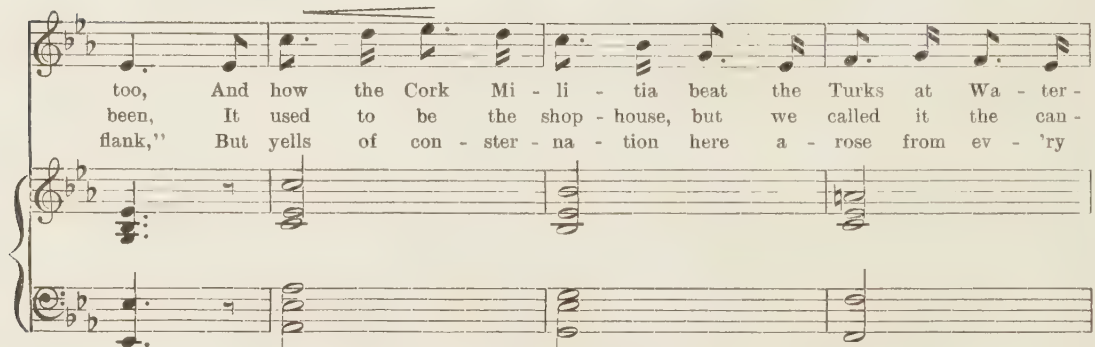
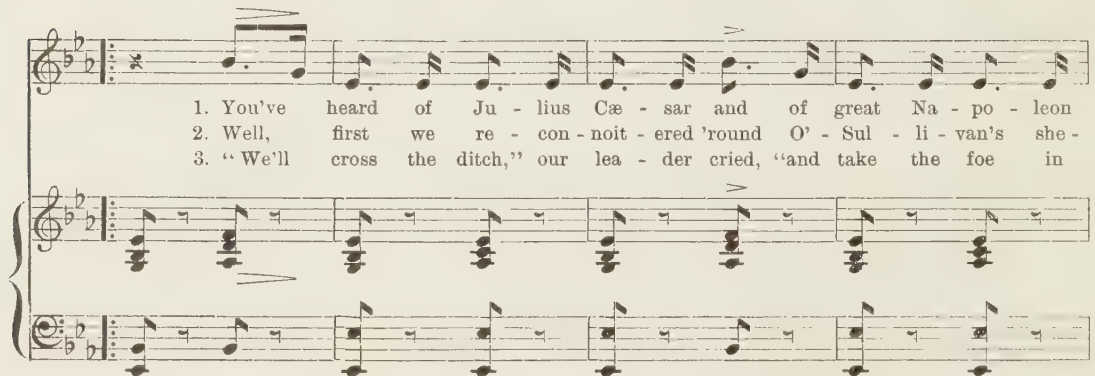
The final system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics conclude with 'sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.' The system ends with a final double bar line.

SLATTERY'S MOUNTED FOOT.

Words by W. French.

Music by Fitz Gerald Penrose.

Allegro.



Used by permission of OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, owners of the copyright.
Published separately by OLIVER DITSON COMPANY. Price, 40c.

SLATTERY'S MOUNTED FOOT.

loo But there's a page of glo - ry that as yet re - mains un -
 teen, But there we saw a no - tice which the brav - est heart un -
 rank, For post - ed high up - on a tree we ve - ry plain - ly

cut, And that's the mar - tial sto - ry of the Slat - t'ry Mount - ed
 nerved : "All li - quor must be set - tled for be - fore the drink is
 saw : "Tres - pass - ers pros - e - cu - ted in ac - cord - ance with the

Foot. . . This gal - lant corps was or - gan - ized by Slat - tery's eld - est
 served." . So on we march'd but soon a - gain each war - rior's heart grew
 law." "We're foiled!" ex-claimed bold Slat - ter - y, "here ends our grand cam -

son, A no - ble mind - ed poach - er with a dou - ble breast - ed
 pale, For sit - ting high in front of us we saw the coun - ty
 paign, 'Tis mere - ly throw - ing life a - way, to face that boun - dary

SLATTERY'S MOUNTED FOOT.

gun; And ma - ny a head was bro - ken, aye, and ma - ny an eye was
jail, And as the ar - my faced a - bout, 'twas just in time to
drain. And I'm not as bold as li - ons, but I'm brav - er than a

shut While prac - ti - cing man - œuv - ers in the Slat - tery Mount - ed
find A cou - ple of po - lice - men had sur - round - ed us be -
hen, And he that fights and runs a - way will live to fight a -

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Foot. And down from the moun - tains came the squad - rons and pla -
hind. Still down from the moun - tains came the squad - rons and pla -
gain." So back to the moun - tains went the squad - rons and pla -

toons, . . . Four and twen - ty fight - ing men and a cou - ple of stout gos -
toons, The four and twen - ty fight - ing men and a cou - ple of stout gos -
toons, The four and twen - ty fight - ing men and a cou - ple of stout gos -

SLATTERY'S MOUNTED FOOT.

soons, And as we marched be - hind the drum to pa - tri - ot - ic
 soons, Says Slat - t'ry " We must cir - cum - vent these bludge - on - ing bos -
 soons, The band was play - ing cau - tious - ly, their pa - tri - ot - ic

rit. e cres.

tunes, We felt that fame would gild the name of Slat - tery's Light Dra -
 thoons Or else, it sames, they'll take the names of Slat - tery's Light Dra -
 tunes, To sing the fame, if rath - er lame, of Slat - tery's Light Dra -

I, 2

goons.
 goons."

I, 2

V3

goons.

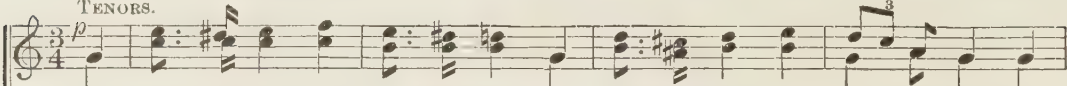
V3

OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

Words by Lloyd Adams.

Arranged for Male Voices.

p TENORS.




1. Old col - lege chum, dear col - lege chum, The days may come, the days may go; But
2. Thro' youth, thro'prime, and when the days Of har - vest time, to us shall come, Thro'

p BASSES.

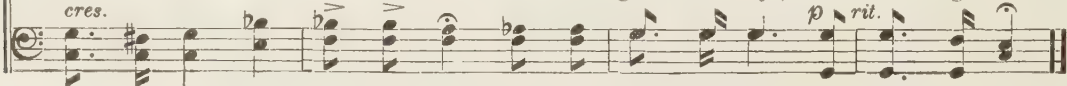


cres.



still my heart to mem - 'ry clings, To those col - lege days of long a - go.
all we'll bear the mem - 'ries dear, Of those gold - en days, old col - lege chum.

cres.

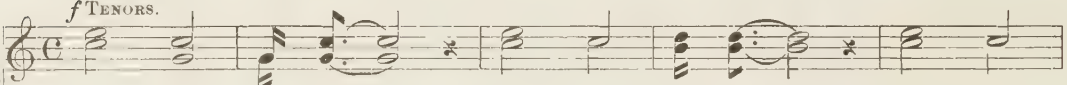


p rit.

Melody used by permission of WM. A. POND & Co., owners of the copyright.
Copyright, 1900, by HINDS & NOBLE.

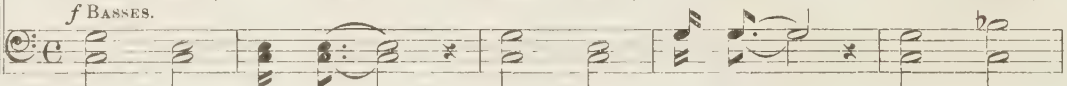
GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Sostenuto.
f TENORS.

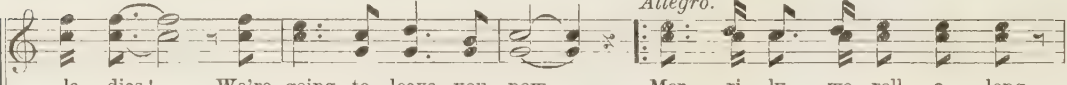


1. Good - night, la - dies! . . . good - night, la - dies! . . . Good - night,
2. Fare - well, la - dies! . . . fare - well, la - dies! . . . Fare - well,
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . Sweet dreams,

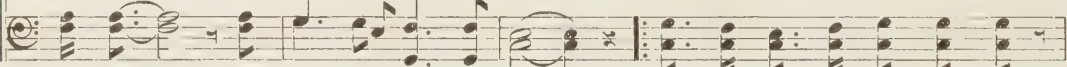
f BASSES.



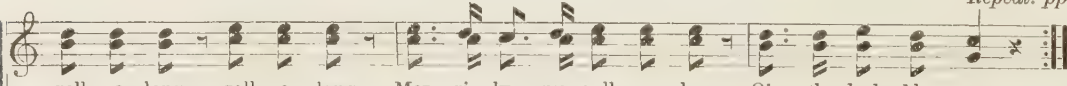
Allegro.




la - dies! We're going to leave you now. . . Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,



Repeat. pp



roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.



WHEN SHE IS GONE.

TENORS. (*Melody in 1st Bass.*)

Music by Anna Metzger.

1. When she is gone, dies out the light On fret - ted nave and pan - elled wall,
 2. When she is gone, the dark old pines By whom her foot hath found a place
 3. When she is gone we wait for her, And sigh for her, the pines and I,

BASSES.

With sa - ble skirts the voice - less night Sweeps som - bre - eyed a - down the hall ; .
 Grow tremulous o'er her love - li - ness, And whis - per of my la - dy's grace, .
 And dream old dreams of laugh - ing lips And won - der - glan - ces by and by . . .

If life be sweet with love a - lone Then life is death when she is gone, when she is gone.
 And nod to me a - cross the lawn, For they too, know when she is gone, when she is gone.
 Oh, does she know our hearts are drawn Be - neath her feet when she is gone, when she is gone?

rit.
pp

Copyright, 1901, by HINDS & NOBLE.

AH, PENNSYLVANIA.*

Words by Clayton Fottrell McMichael, '91.

There is a pride so rare, loyal in fear and joy,
 There is a faith, spotless, without alloy ;
 In the gleam of success, in the shade of despair,
 Let us cheerfully quite confess
 Nought with it can compare.
 All through a season so dark that it oft seemed never
 ending,
 All through the gibes and jeers of friends and foes,
 When it seemed most distressing,
 In the hour of our woes,
 Oh, how I trusted nobody knows.
 When all hope had quite faded love was strong at the
 close.

CHORUS. Ah, Pennsylvania,
 How dear to me you are,
 My heart is loyal
 To Pennsylvania.
 In sorrow or gladness, Penn.,
 I'll always be fond and true,
 Be it tempest or calm,
 We will sing this psalm,
 For the fame of the Red and Blue.

*Sung to melody of "The Shade of the Palms" ("Florodora.")

Words by Wm. Otto Miller, '04.

Music by Preston Ware Orem, '87.

Moderato.

Solo.
p

1. Slow - ly the sun to the

west - ward is fad - ing, The shad - ows are creep - ing a - long the south wall; The

moon o'er the Old Field its soft light is shed-ding, While the bird in the eaves hears its

rit. *a tempo.*

mate's ves - per call. Like stars the lights one by one now are beam - ing, And

rit. *a tempo.*

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

EVENING SONG IN THE TRIANGLE.

pp

soft tink - ling mu - sic sal - utes the bowed ear ; In dark - ness I lie on the

mf *rit.* *Tempo di valse.*

grass fond - ly dream - ing Of all the bright days of the past col - lege year. . . .

CHORUS.

8: TENOR I & II.

f

O Tri - an - gle Days, O Tri - an - gle Days, Of all the year round thou art fair -

BASS I & II.

f

O Tri - an - gle Days, O Tri - an - gle Days, Of all the year round thou art fair -

EVENING SONG IN THE TRIANGLE.

ff FINE.
 est, O Tri - an - gle Days, O Tri - an - gle Days, Our song to thee we raise. . . .
ff FINE.
ff FINE.

Moderato. Solo.
p
 2. Clear o'er the arch - es I hear a voice ring-ing With
p

f *mf*
 "Hail Penn - syl - van - ni - a, "Hur - rah! for the Red and the Blue;" While
f *mf*

EVENING SONG IN THE TRIANGLE.

in - to the cho - rus a hun - dred throats swing-ing, Peal out in their pride for those

rit. *a tempo.*
col - ors so true, Though years roll be - tween us, no dis - tance can ev - er Dis -

pp
pel the true love which her fel - low-ship brings, We'll pledge her our loy - al - ty

f *rit.* *Repeat chorus as before.* *D.S.*
now and for - ev - er, While round her like i - vy fond mem - o - ry clings. . . .

f *rit.* *D.S.*

FILL UP YOUR GLASSES.

Words by William Ernst, Jr., '96.

Music by Charles Gilpin, 3rd, '99.

Oh! fill up your glass - es and drink, drink, drink! Let fla - gon on

ff *rall.* *a tempo.* *rall.*

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and a rallentando (*rall.*) marking, followed by a return to tempo (*a tempo.*) and another rallentando (*rall.*) marking. The lyrics are: "Oh! fill up your glass - es and drink, drink, drink! Let fla - gon on".

tank - ard go clink, clink, clink! Quaff of the spark - ling wine,

a tempo. *rall.*

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part includes a return to tempo (*a tempo.*) and a final rallentando (*rall.*) marking. The lyrics are: "tank - ard go clink, clink, clink! Quaff of the spark - ling wine,".

Taste of its joy di - vine, Sor - row and care are both drowned in its

The third system concludes the piece. The piano part features a final chord. The lyrics are: "Taste of its joy di - vine, Sor - row and care are both drowned in its".

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

FILL UP YOUR GLASSES.

brink. Let ech - oes re - sound while we laugh, laugh, laugh! A

rall. *a tempo.*

health to the grape we will quaff, quaff, quaff! Here's to the

rall. *rall.*

god of wine, Here's to his sa - cred shrine, Stand by your fla - gons and

quaff, quaff, quaff! Then stand by your fla - gons and quaff.

accel.

STUDENTS' TOAST.

Music by William Stansfield, Mus. B., '02.

Boldly.

Fill, fill, fill, fill the bum - per fair; Ev - 'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of

care Drives a - way a wrin - kle, Drives a - way a wrin - kle.

Copyright, 1903, by HINDS & NOBLE.

THE 'VARSITY YELLS.

Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, hoo-rah, Pennsylvania. (Short on both syllables.)

Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, hoo-rah, Pennsylvania. (Long on first and short on second syllables of hoo-rah.)

Ray, ray, ray, Pennsylvania. (Three times, very long on rays.)

{ Ray, ray, ray, Pennsylvania. (Nine times, short and fast.)

{ Ray, ray, ray, Pennsylvania. (Three times, long and slow.)

Pennsylvania. (Nine times, slow.)

{ Ge-he, ge-ha, ge-ha-ha-ha,

{ Pennsyl-Pennsyl-Pennsylvania.

{ Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania.

{ Oski-wow-wow, Wisk-i-wow-wow,

{ Ol-e-mack-e-i, Ken-tuck-e-i.

{ Penn-syl-van-i-a.

1904 YELL.

{ Rip-i-rap, rip-i-rap, rip-i-rap-roar,

{ Pennsylvania, nineteen four.

Miller, William Otto (comp.)
Songs of the University
of Pennsylvania

M
1958
P4M5

Miller, William Otto (comp.)
Songs of the University
of Pennsylvania

